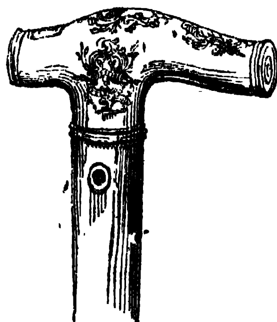
THE

GOLD-HEADED CANE.



LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

MDCCCXXVII.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

THE HONOURABLE LADY HALFORD,

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED,

WITH

SENTIMENTS OF THE GREATEST RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

NOTICE BY THE EDITOR.

A SHORT *time before the opening of the New College of Physicians, Mrs. Baillie presented to that learned body a Gold-Headed Cane, which had been successively carried by Drs. Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and her own lamented husband.*

The arms of these celebrated Physicians are engraved on the head of the Cane, and they form the Vignettes of the five Chapters into which this little Volume is divided.

The drawings from which the wood-cuts were made are by Mr. Brooke.

CONTENTS.





RADCLIFFE.

CHAPTER I.

When I was deposited in a corner closet of the Library, on the 24th of June, 1825, the day before the opening of the New College of Physicians, with the observation that I was no longer to be carried about, but to be kept amongst the reliques of that learned body, it was impossible to avoid secretly lamenting the obscurity which was henceforth to be my lot. Formerly the entrée of palaces had been open to me;

I had been freely admitted into the houses of the great and the rich; but now I was doomed to darkness, and condemned to occupy the corner of a library—spacious and splendid, it must be allowed, but where I was surrounded by nothing but the musty manuscripts of defunct doctors. The gloom, however, of my present abode was enlivened on the following day by my overhearing the elegant oration of the President of the College; and an occasional glance I had of scarlet dresses recalled the decorum and propriety of the days of yore, when, on all solemn occasions of public meeting, the Fellows appeared habited in the doctors' robes of their respective universities. I had passed through so many erudite hands, and had been present at so many grave consultations, that the language of the oration was familiar to me, and I could easily collect, from certain allusions in the speech, that princes of the blood, the legislators of the land, the nobles and learned of England, formed a considerable portion of the audience. The topics

upon which the accomplished orator touched were various and interesting; but I listened with increased attention when I heard him speak of the donation of the Radcliffe Trustees*, and every fibre thrilled within me at the consciousness of the heartfelt delight with which my first kind and generous master would have grasped me, could he have foreseen the liberal spirit of the future guardians of his princely fortune.

The low murmur of applause which accompanied the commemoration of the integrity and honest simplicity of character of the last physician, whose hand I had graced, checked as it was by the reflection, that he was now, alas! no more, marked alike the eloquence of the orator, and the good taste and feeling of his audience. But the speech was too soon finished, and the guests slowly retired from the Library. I was once more left to silence and solitude; never, perhaps, to see the light of

* £2000 towards the building of the New College of Physicians.

day, unless when my closet was occasionally unlocked, that I might be shown as a curiosity to some idle and casual visitor. I had, however, been closely connected with medicine for a century and a half; and might consequently, without vanity, look upon myself as the depositary of many important secrets, in which the dignity of the profession was nearly concerned. I resolved, therefore, to employ my leisure in recording the most striking scenes I had witnessed. The Doctors had indeed resumed their robes; but it was too much to expect that they would again carry the cane, and adopt the use of the full-bottomed wig; though I have not the least doubt that the honour of physic, and perhaps the welfare of mankind, would be greatly promoted by so praiseworthy a practice.

These Memoirs are the fruit of my retirement; and should the reader feel any disposition to authenticate my narrative by reference to the records of the different periods it embraces, I feel no fear for the result of his investigation: since if the writ-

ten documents be correct, they must agree with my story.

Of my early state and separate condition I have no recollection whatever; and it may reasonably enough be supposed, that it was not till after the acquisition of my head that I became conscious of existence, and capable of observation. But I shall never forget the first consultation at which I was present; where every thing being strange to me, I was attentive to the most minute circumstances, which then came recommended to my notice as well by the importance and dignity of the patient, as by the novelty of the scene. As in these conferences there is usually much matter of routine, I became afterwards more careless; and as none of the responsibility of the advice given rested with me, I allowed my thoughts to wander.

It was in the autumn of 1689. My master, Dr. Radcliffe, had just then returned from a distant journey in the country, and was much fatigued, when an urgent message reached him at his house in Bow

street, Covent Garden. Snatching me up, he hurried into his carriage, and set off with all speed for Kensington House. This irregular edifice, which had recently been purchased by the crown, of the second Earl of Nottingham, had undergone several alterations, and received some additions hastily put together for the immediate accommodation of the court. The edifice itself was not extensive, having rather the appearance of the neat villa of a nobleman than that of a royal mansion; and the gardens were upon a small scale, but kept in the neatest possible order. From the town of Kensington, the approach was by a double row of large elm trees, leading to the north entrance of the house, through an unenclosed field, which was at that time disfigured by a gravel-pit. Here, however, afterwards, the skill of the famous gardeners of the day, London and Wise, was employed; and the cut yew and variegated holly hedges were taught to imitate the lines, angles, bastions, scarps, and counterscarps, of a regular fortification. This curious upper

garden, known by the name of *the Siege of Troy*, was long the admiration of every lover of that kind of trim horticultural embellishment *.

We were ushered through a suite of several rooms, plainly but handsomely furnished, by Simon de Brienne; and it seemed to me that the Doctor assumed a more lofty air, and walked with a firmer step, and I was conscious of a gentle pressure of his hand, as he stopped and gazed for a moment on the likeness of the Founder of the College of Physicians, Dr. Linacre, painted by Holbein, which was hanging in one of the rooms, amongst the royal portraits of the Henrys, and several other of the Kings and Queens of England and Scotland.

On entering the sick chamber, which was a small cabinet in the south-east angle of the building, called the Writing Closet, a person of a grave and solemn aspect, appa-

* All this has now disappeared; the ground being enclosed about forty years ago, and converted into pasture land.

rently about forty years of age, of a thin and weak body, brown hair, and of middle stature, was seen sitting in an arm-chair, and breathing with great difficulty. The naturally serious character of the King (for it was His Majesty William the Third) was rendered more melancholy by the distressing symptoms of an asthma, the consequence of the dregs of the small-pox, that had fallen on his lungs. In the absence of the fit, and at other times, his sparkling eyes, large and elevated forehead, and aquiline nose, gave a dignity to his countenance, which, though usually grave and phlegmatic, was said in the day of battle to be susceptible of the most animated expression. "Doctor," said the King, "Bentinck * and Zulestein † have been urgent with me that I should again send for you; and though I have great confidence in my two body-physicians here, yet I have heard so much of your great skill, that I desire you will confer with Bidloo and Laurence, whether

* Earl of Portland. † Earl of Rochford.

some other plan might not be adopted. They have plied me so much with aperitives to open my stomach, that I am greatly reduced: my condition is, I think, hazardous, unless you try other measures."

The King seldom spoke so long at a time, his conversation being usually remarkably dry and repulsive; and here His Majesty's speech was interrupted by a deep cough, and he sunk back in his chair exhausted. "May it please Your Majesty," said Dr. Radcliffe, "I must be plain with you, Sir: your case is one of danger, no doubt, but if you will adhere to my prescriptions, I will engage to do you good. The rheum is dripping on your lungs, and will be of fatal consequence to you, unless it be otherwise diverted."—Upon this Dr. Bidloo, who, though expert in the knowledge of some branches of physic, was not always happy or quick in his conjectures, was about to reply. There was something like an insinuation of *mala praxis* in the last observation; and being

somewhat of an irascible temper, the Dutchman, anxious perhaps to return to his duties of professor of anatomy and surgery at Leyden, was indifferent about giving offence to his royal master. But the King, in a calm and sullen manner, imposed silence, and intimated to the physicians to withdraw and consult upon the treatment of his malady. The consultation was short, and the result was, that some medicines should be tried that might have the effect of promoting the flow of saliva. This treatment fully succeeded, for the King was so completely restored, that a few months afterwards he fought the battle of the Boyne.

Before we left the palace, my master waited upon Her Majesty the Queen: and as it was well known that Mary grew weary of any body who would not talk a great deal (while her sister the Princess Anne of Denmark was so silent that she rarely spoke more than was necessary to answer a question), our audience was not soon over. It was said by the enemies of the Queen, that whatever good qualities

she had to make her popular, it was but too evident, by many instances, that she wanted bowels; but on the present occasion the accusation was quite untrue, for on the subject of the King's indisposition, nothing could exceed her anxiety, and it was impossible for the physician to answer Her Majesty's innumerable inquiries. What was the nature of his complaint? the probable issue? how long a time would be required to complete his recovery, so that, in the present critical state of affairs, His Majesty might be enabled to return to the management of public business, and take the field against his enemies? In fact, the Queen asked questions which I soon found, by a very little experience, that the conjectural nature of the art of medicine would not always allow to be answered with precision. The person of the Queen was majestic, and calculated to inspire respect; and her conversation (when not under the influence of such feelings as now agitated her) indicated a fine and cultivated understanding, for she had read much in

history and divinity. Her Majesty's studies were, however, even now beginning to be interrupted by a course of humours that was forming in her eyes, and which compelled her to employ her time in another manner. But she was ever active; and so industrious, that she wrought many hours a day herself, with her ladies and maids of honour working about her, while one read to them all.

Our interview with the Queen took place in a small apartment, afterwards known by the name of the Patch-work Closet, the sides of which were hung with tapestry, the work of her own hands; as were also the coverings of the chairs with which the room was furnished. As I shall not have occasion again to speak of the Queen, it may here be mentioned that, five years afterwards, this incomparable Princess fell a victim to the small-pox; and though my master was blamed by his enemies, as having caused her death, either by his negligence or unskilfulness, yet he himself always maintained that he was called too

late, and that no remedies that could then be tried had the least chance of doing her good. On this delicate point, any evidence which I could advance would be received with suspicion; and it remains only to observe, that on this melancholy occasion King William exhibited feelings which no one had previously given him credit for. A great politician and soldier, who had been immersed in dangers and calamities from his infancy, he was possessed of boundless ambition, which he concealed under a cold exterior, never allowing his speech to betray the wishes of his heart. But during the last sickness of the Queen, His Majesty was in an agony that amazed every one about his person, fainting often, and breaking out into most violent lamentations. When he heard of her death, he was much affected, burst into tears, and for some weeks after was not capable of minding business or of seeing company.

Whilst the nation was grieving for the loss of the Queen, an event took place in our domestic establishment, which considerably

ruffled my master's temper, and interrupted, for a short space, the usual gaiety of his life. Though it could not be said that our house was ever a melancholy one (in truth, we were little at home, the Doctor living much in society, whither I accompanied him to taverns and clubs, where the choicest spirits were wont to assemble), yet still the home of a bachelor is occasionally but a dull and stupid residence. The friends of Radcliffe were therefore always urging him to look out for a wife, and he at length listened to their advice. One who was so general a favourite in society, and, besides, who was known to be so well to pass in the world (for at that time he was worth, at the least, £30,000, and daily adding to his wealth), had no great difficulty in meeting with an object upon whom to place his affections. A young lady, the daughter of a wealthy citizen, whose name I forbear to mention, in consideration of the awkward disclosure which ultimately took place, soon attracted his attention. She was an only child, not more than twenty-four years of age, and with

a tolerable share of personal charms: the parents readily assented to the proposal, and the terms of the marriage were soon agreed upon; the lady was to have £15,000 down, and the residue of the citizen's estate at his decease. The visits of my master into the city were numerous, but he took me with him once or twice only. To tell the truth, I felt myself, on these occasions, quite misplaced; not that I was at all unaccustomed to female society—quite the reverse; but then the conversations, with which I was familiar, were altogether so different. Here were none of the ordinary questions about health, the last night's repose, the situation of pain, the long detail of complaints, the vapours, the low muttering with the waiting-woman aside; and at last, when the hurry and agitation occasioned by the doctor's arrival had subsided, the sagacious feeling of the pulse. To all this I was daily habituated; but, in the new scene to which I was now introduced, I was conscious of making an awkward appearance, and was glad to be left at home. Matters,

however, seemed to proceed prosperously, and every thing promised a consummation of my master's happiness; when, one evening, he returned late to his home, obviously much discomposed. He was no sooner alone in his chamber, than he gave vent to his chagrin. "Good God!" said he, as he paced up and down the room, "what a discovery! Well! hanging and marrying certainly go by destiny; and if I had been guilty of the last, I should scarcely have escaped the first. What would my acquaintance have said? And my neighbour, Sir Godfrey, how would he have triumphed! He was sarcastic enough the other day about that confounded garden-door*—here there would have been no bounds to his mirth; I should have been the laughing-stock of all who know me.

* The story, to which allusion seems here to be made, is thus related in the life of Radcliffe.

"It will not be much out of the way, to insert a diverting passage between Sir Godfrey Kneller, the King's chief painter, and the doctor, since it hap-

"Mrs. Mary is a very deserving gentle-woman, no doubt; but her father must

pened near this time; and though not altogether so advantageous to the doctor's memory as the generality of his sarcastical replies, yet will be of use to bring in a very happy turn of wit from him that speaks in rejoindre to it. The doctor's dwelling-house, as has been said before, was in Bow-street, Covent Garden, whereunto belonged a very convenient garden, that was contiguous to another, on the back of it, appertaining to Sir Godfrey, which was extremely curious and inviting, from the many exotic plants, and the variety of flowers and greens, which it abounded with. Now, as one wall divided both inclosures, and the doctor had some reason, from his intimacy with the knight, to think he would not give a denial to any reasonable request, so he took the freedom, when he was one day in company with the latter, after extolling his fine parterres and choice collection of herbs, flowers, &c. to desire the liberty of having a door made, for a free intercourse with both gardens, but in such a manner as should not be inconvenient to either family.

"Sir Godfrey, who was and is a gentleman of extraordinary courtesy and humanity, very readily gave his consent; but the doctor's servants, instead of being strict observers of the terms of agreement, made such a havock amongst his hortulanary curiosities, that Sir Godfrey was out of all patience, and found him-

pardon me if I think her by no means fit to be my wife, since she is or ought to be another man's already!" These and other similar expressions escaped him, as he continued to walk to and fro, apparently in the

self obliged, in a very becoming manner, to advertise their master of it, with his desires to him, to admonish them for the forbearance of such insolencies; yet notwithstanding this complaint, the grievance continued unredressed; so that the person aggrieved found himself under a necessity of letting him that ought to make things easy know, by one of his servants, that he should be obliged to brick up the door, in case of his complaints proving ineffectual. To this the Doctor, who was very often in a cholerick temper, and from the success of his practice imagined every one under an obligation of bearing with him, returned answer, 'That Sir Godfrey might do even what he pleased with the door, so that he did not paint it:' alluding to his employment, in which none was a more exquisite master. Hereupon a footman, after some hesitation in the delivery of his message, and several commands from his master, to give it him word for word, told him as above. 'Did my very good friend, Dr. Radcliffe, say so?' cried Sir Godfrey: 'go you back to him, and, after presenting my service to him, tell him that I can take any thing from him but physic.'"—(The Editor.)

highest degree of excitement. At length he sat down to his table and wrote a letter to Mr. S—d, declining the honour of becoming his son-in-law, and stating his reasons in full for so sudden a change of resolution. The effects of this disappointment were visible for some time, but he ultimately recovered his spirits, returned to his former aversion to matrimony, and resumed his usual habits of conviviality and independence.

His practice increased, and there were few families of any note that had not some time or other recourse to his skill and advice. I began now to consider how his superiority over his rivals was to be explained, whence arose the great confidence reposed in him by his patients; to what, in fine, his eminent success was to be attributed. It was clear, his erudition had nothing to do with it; but though there was something rude in the manner in which he frequently disparaged the practice of others, yet it could not be denied that his general good sense and practical knowledge of the

world distinguished him from all his competitors. He was remarkable for his apt and witty replies, and always ready in suggesting expedients; though, to be sure, some of them were homely enough, and occasionally sufficiently ludicrous, and such as I never witnessed with the grave and more polished doctors into whose hands I afterwards passed. He was once sent for into the country, to visit a gentleman ill of a quinsey. Finding that no external nor internal application would be of service, he desired the lady of the house to order a hasty-pudding to be made: when it was done, his own servants were to bring it up, and while the pudding was preparing, he gave them his private instructions. In a short time it was set on the table, in full view of the patient. "Come, Jack and Dick," said Radcliffe, "eat as quickly as possible; you have had no breakfast this morning." Both began with their spoons, but on Jack's dipping once only for Dick's twice, a quarrel arose. Spoonfuls of hot pudding were discharged on both sides, and

at last, handfuls were pelted at each other. The patient was seized with a hearty fit of laughter, the quinsey burst and discharged its contents, and my master soon completed the cure.

So much for his humour; but it was the confident tone in which he frequently predicted the issue of diseases, a quality which he possessed in an eminent degree, and often exercised with great success, that chiefly gave a decided advantage to Radcliffe over his rivals in practice. I will relate one of these occasions, which was very striking. Being sent for once, to attend the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton, who was very ill, the Doctor, instead of complying with the request, told the gentleman who brought the message, "There was no manner of necessity for his presence, since the Duke his master died such an hour the day before:" which the messenger on his return found to be true.

By the judicious exercise of this foresight a physician acquires the greatest reputation, and when his prognosis is the

result of mature experience, he is entitled to be bold. Besides, the fears, the doubts, and anxiety of the friends of the sick ought to be taken into account: they have a right to the consolation of certainty; and the doctor ought not to be over-scrupulous of his reputation, nor entrench himself too much in the security of an ambiguous reply. His duties demand discretion and humanity: in circumstances of danger, he is called upon to give to the friends of the patient timely notice of its approach; to the sick, he should be the minister of hope and comfort, that by such cordials he may raise the drooping spirit and smooth the bed of death.

The health of King William continued tolerably good till after his return from abroad in 1697, on the ratification of the celebrated treaty of Ryswick, when my master was again sent for to visit his royal patient. After rather jocosely illustrating His Majesty's situation by an allusion to one of Æsop's fables, which the King (previously to our arrival) was reading, in Sir

Roger L'Estrange's translation, I was rather startled at the blunt manner in which Radcliffe told his patient, that he must not be buoyed up with hopes that his malady would soon be driven away. "Your juices are all vitiated, your whole mass of blood corrupted, and the nutriment for the most part turned to water: but," added the Doctor, "if Your Majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford, (where, to tell the truth, the King was wont to drink very hard,) I'll engage to make you live three or four years longer; but beyond that time no physic can protract Your Majesty's existence." I trembled at the bold and familiar tone assumed by my master, as well as at the positive prognosis which he ventured to give; but his prediction was verified by the sequel. King William died in 1702. The year before this event, Dr. Bidloo had accompanied His Majesty to Holland, where his treatment of his royal patient at that time, and for some months before his death, was a subject of animadversion with the other

doctors attached to the court. In addition to many other infirmities under which the King laboured, he was troubled with boils that formed in different parts of his body; and for these Bidloo directed that his feet and legs should be rubbed night and morning, with flannel covered with powder of crabs'-eyes, flour, and cummin-seed. As to diet, the Doctor was exceedingly indulgent, allowing His Majesty to drink cider, ale — in short, all sorts of strong beer; and to take crude aliments before going to bed. It was in vain that Doctors Hutton, Millington, Blakemore and Laurence, remonstrated. On the King's return to Hampton Court, the dropsical swelling of the inferior extremities extended upwards, for which Bidloo prescribed a vapour-bath, and inclosed the legs of the patient in a wooden box constructed for that purpose. In a constitution so weak, which this treatment was reported to have still more debilitated, an accident was likely to prove fatal. On the 27th of February, 1702-3, while hunting, the King fell from his horse, and broke his right

clavicle near the acromion. This occurred in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court; but the French surgeon Ronjat was at hand, and soon reduced the fracture. But when he wanted to bleed His Majesty, a new obstacle arose, for it was necessary not only to have the sanction of some one of the court physicians, but also the authority of the privy council, for the performance of that operation.

Notwithstanding the necessity and advantage of rest, the King persisted in his wish to return to Kensington, where he arrived between nine and ten o'clock in the evening: here a discussion arose between Bidloo and the Surgeon as to whether there had really been any fracture or not. Ronjat stoutly maintained the affirmative; the Dutch Doctor as stoutly denied it. This point was, however, at length settled, when a new difference of opinion occurred as to the mode of applying the bandages. Bidloo wished himself to apply them; but the Surgeon said no, "You are here either in the character of a physician or in that of a

surgeon: if the former, you have nothing to do with bandages; if the latter, c'est moi qui suis le premier chirurgien du Roi."

After the death of the King, a paper war took place, and the various arguments and statements advanced by each party were frequently mentioned in societies where I was present; for luckily my master had no share in these disputes. On the one hand Bidloo put forth a pamphlet *, published at Leyden, written in Low Dutch, in order, as his enemies said, that few might read it in this country; the year after, M. Ronjat entered the field in a French reply †, published in London, by Henry Ribotteau, Bookseller in the Strand, over-against Bedford's Buildings.

Of the public and private character of King William, a prince so celebrated in the history of that period, it would be presump-

* Verhaal der Laatste Ziekte en het overlijden, van Willem de Derde, &c. &c., in Leide, 1702.

† Lettre de M. Ronjat, Premier Chirurgien de feu Sa Majesté Britannique Guillaume III; écrite de Londres à un Medecin de ses Amis en Hollande.

tion in me to speak. No one can deny that by his talents as a negotiator in the cabinet, he saved his own country from ruin, restored the liberties of England, and preserved the independence of Europe. His great object in accepting the crown of this country was to engage her more deeply in the concerns of the Continent, and thus enable him to gratify his ambition, the scope of which had always been to humble the French. When he found, however, the year after his arrival in England, that the spirit of party ran so high here as to thwart all his measures, he resolved to quit the country altogether, go over to Holland, and leave the government in the Queen's hands. And yet it is singular that William was naturally of so cold and reserved a disposition, that Her Majesty knew nothing of this important determination, in which she was so nearly concerned, till she heard it from Bishop Burnet. It was said also, that the King, though he occasionally put on some appearance of application, was averse from business of all sort, and that it was to avoid

company and occupation that he betook himself to a perpetual course of hunting. Of his own personal safety he was very regardless, and perhaps his belief of predestination made him more adventurous than was necessary. The most striking feature of his character was, however, as has been mentioned before, the gravity of his deportment; and Burnet used to relate, that on the most critical occasion of his life, on his landing at Torbay, in 1688, the King shook him heartily by the hand, asked him if he would not now believe in predestination; was, for a short time only, cheerfuller than ordinary, but soon returned to his usual gravity. I do not vouch for the truth of this story, nor for the scrupulous accuracy of the Bishop in all which he relates, though I have heard that he is the best and indeed the only authority to be met with on many of the subjects he treats of. The repulsive qualities of the King were the cause, no doubt, of the coolness that subsisted between the different members of the royal family. I recollect, there

was much talk at the time, of the affront put upon the Prince of Denmark, who, on his accompanying the King to Ireland, was not allowed, to go in the coach with him, though it was well known that the Prince had put himself to great expense on the occasion of that expedition.

The Princess, afterwards Our Gracious Majesty Queen Anne, was treated even with still less courtesy; for while she was dining one day with the King and Queen, His Majesty ate up all the green pease, then newly come in, without even once offering that rarity to his royal consort or guest.

Of Prince George of Denmark I have little to say, for his physician was Dr. Arbuthnot. His Highness was an invalid, labouring, like the king, under an asthma; and during his illness, which was protracted, his Queen was very attentive to him. He died six years after King William. He had the character of a good mathematician, but was not skilled in foreign languages. He made no figure in politics, and did not understand much of the post of High Admiral, which he filled, though he possessed

many good qualities; was brave, mild, and gentle.

But I must descend from these high matters, and speak again of my master, and, I am sorry to say, of another disappointment which occurred in our house. Two years after the death of Prince George, when Radcliffe was in his sixtieth year, I was somewhat surprised, one morning after breakfast, to observe him attired with more than ordinary exactness. His full-bottomed wig was dressed with peculiar care; he had put on his best suit of lilac-coloured velvet with yellow basket buttons, and his air upon the whole was very commanding. He reminded me strongly of his appearance some ten or fifteen years before. He had an elevated forehead, hazel eyes, cheeks telling of the good cheer of former days, if any thing, a little too ruddy; a double chin, a well-formed nose, and a mouth round which generally played an agreeable smile. When he sat in his easy chair, with his right hand expanded, and placed upon his breast, as if meditating a speech, and clearing his voice for the purpose of



giving it utterance; his left wearing his glove, and resting on his side immediately above the hilt of his sword, which was a very usual attitude with him, he certainly had a most comely and well-favoured appearance *.

* This sketch is from an original picture by his friend Sir Godfrey Kneller, which is placed in the Library of the College of Physicians, in one of the closets of which I am now immured.

I love to dwell upon these particulars of my old worthy master: for to him I owe my first introduction into the world, and whatever celebrity my memoirs may hereafter obtain. When fully equipped, he stepped into a gay gilt chariot, drawn by fresh prancing horses, the coachman wearing a new cockade, and our lacqueys looking with all the insolence of plenty in their countenances. We paraded the streets, passed through Covent Garden, and the most frequented parts of the town; but it grieved me to observe, that our glittering equipage served only to provoke the smiles and ridicule of the malicious. To speak out, it was now notorious that the Doctor was in love, and that all this parade was for the purpose of captivating the young lady of whom he was enamoured. Suffice it to say, he was lampooned, proved unfortunate in his suit, and was styled by the wicked wits of the day "the mourning Esculapius," "the languishing hopeless lover of the divine Hebe, the emblem of youth and beauty."

But more sober reflection and the busy duties of his profession soon withdrew his thoughts from these amorous toys, and he continued actively employed for a few years longer, though it was but too evident that his health and spirits were daily declining.

About this time that celebrated warrior, Prince Eugene, so distinguished for his campaigns in Hungary and Italy, where he had gained such splendid victories over the Turk and the king of France, arrived in England. The object of his visit was to try if it were possible to engage our court to go on with the war, which met with great obstruction. But the juncture was unfavourable to his project; for on the very day before his arrival, his great friend and companion in arms, the Duke of Marlborough, was turned out of all his places. The days of intimacy between the Queen and the Duchess were at an end; and the endearing appellations of the "poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley," and Mrs Freeman, no longer marked the extraordinary terms of

friendly intercourse which had subsisted between her Majesty and a subject. The Prince was, however, caressed by the courtiers for his own worth; and though his negotiations went slowly on, he was entertained by most of the nobility, and magnificently feasted by the city. My master invited his Highness to dinner; and a large party of the nobility, and several topping merchants, particularly some of those who had formerly contributed to the Silesian loan, were engaged to meet him. The enmity of the Prince to every thing French was known, and it had been rendered still more notorious by his admirable reply to an insolent threat of the minister of the Grand Monarque, which was at this time in the mouth of every one. Louvois had intimated to the Prince, that he must not think of returning to France; to which the warrior replied, "Eugene entrera un jour en France, en depit de Louvois et de Louis." To do honour to such a guest was the ambition of Radcliffe; and in giving orders for dinner, "Let there be no ragouts," said he; "no kickshaws of

France; but let us treat the Prince as a soldier. He shall have a specimen of true English hospitality. I will have my table covered with barons of beef, jiggets of mutton, and legs of pork." At the appointed hour the guests assembled, and the Prince charmed every one by his unassuming modesty, his easy address and behaviour. His aspect was erect, and composed, his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling: but his manner was peculiarly graceful, and he descended to an easy equality with those who conversed with him. The shape of his person and composure of his limbs was remarkably erect and beautiful; still, with all his condescension, and though he was affable to every one, it was evident that he rather *suffered* the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in public gaze and popular applause. The entertainment of my master went off very well; all seemed to be pleased, though some of the courtiers indulged in a little pleasantry at the ample cheer with which the table groaned. The princely stranger expressed himself

much satisfied, and was loud in his praise of some capital seven years old beer, which we happened at that time to have in tap.

I forgot to mention, that, a few years before the period of which I am now speaking, I saw, for the first time, Dr. Mead, who was then beginning to be known as a man rising in his profession, and into whose hands I was afterwards destined to fall. He lived then in Austyn friers; and we found him one morning in his library, reading Hippocrates; when the following dialogue took place between the two physicians:

RADCLIFFE (*taking up the volume of the venerable Father of Physic*). "What! my young friend, do you read Hippocrates in the original language? Well, take my word for it, when I am dead you will occupy the throne of physic in this great town."

MEAD. "No, Sir; when you are gone, your empire, like Alexander's, will be divided amongst many successors."

I felt that this courteous reply pleased my master mightily; and although Mead

was even then known to be a man of great talent, had already written his treatise on Poisons, published several other works of merit, and was therefore in every respect deserving of the countenance and patronage of the eminent doctor of the day, yet I have myself no doubt that this well-timed compliment to Radcliffe's eminence served to cement the intimate friendship of these two physicians.

The library of Mead was even at this time considerable. Many rooms of his small house were filled with books; and the two doctors indulged in a long chat. The conversation embraced many topics. Mead was very lively and entertaining; related several anecdotes of things which he had seen abroad; and described with great animation his joy on finding the Tabula Isiaca * in a lumber room at Florence.

* The Tabula or Mensa Isiaca is one of the most considerable monuments of antiquity. It was discovered at Rome, in the year 1525. There are represented upon it various figures in bas relief, mixed with some hieroglyphics, which are supposed to relate to

Upon this subject my master asked many questions, and appeared much struck with the advantage of foreign travel to a physician. On taking his leave, he again expressed his admiration of the literary attainments of Mead, and said in a tone of great earnestness and sincerity — "Some day or other, the Alma Mater where I was bred shall receive from me substantial proofs of the true concern I feel for the welfare of the cause of learning: for as I have grown older, every year of my life has convinced me more and more of the value of the education of the scholar and the gentleman, to the thorough-bred physician. But," added he, "perhaps your friend here (pointing me to a folio edition of Celsus which stood on one of the shelves of the library) expresses my meaning better than I can myself, where he says, that this discipline of the mind, '*quamvis non faciat medicum, aptiorem tamen medicinæ reddit.*'" Radcliffe, as if

the feasts of Isis. Many speculations have been advanced on the history and date of this curious relic of ancient times.

unwilling to trust himself with any farther quotation, embraced Dr. Mead, and hastened to his carriage.

On the 1st of August, 1714, died Queen Anne; an event memorable in the life of Radcliffe. The domestic physicians of Her Majesty, assisted by Dr. Mead, had applied various remedies without success. It was reported that the privy council, as well as the Queen, had given orders that my master should be present at the consultation, and that he excused himself under pretence of indisposition. The truth is, he was not in town at that time, but down at his country-house at Cashalton in Surrey, ill himself of the gout, which had seized his head and stomach. Yet notwithstanding this, the enemies of Radcliffe imputed the death of the Queen to his absence, and he was accordingly threatened with assassination. This unpopularity, undeserved as it was, made him keep his house, where, on the 4th of August, three days after the death of Her Majesty, Dr. Mead and his brother the lawyer came

down to dine with him at two o'clock. In spite of the ill state of his health, the conversation of two such good friends afforded him much pleasure and satisfaction. After dinner his wonted good humour returned, and, taking me in his hand, he presented me, with the following discourse, to Dr. Mead:—

"Though my life is, I dare say, pretty well known to you, yet I will mention some of the leading circumstances of it, from which perhaps you may be able to derive some instruction. Since I began the study of medicine, I have devoted myself chiefly to a careful examination of the most valuable modern treatises. In this particular I differ, I know, from you, who are a profound scholar, but my books have always been few, though I hope well chosen. When I was at the university, a few vials, a skeleton, and an herbal, chiefly formed my library. By following the dictates of common sense, while I practised at Oxford after taking my bachelor of medicine's degree, instead of stoving up my patients

who were ill of the small-pox, as was done by the Galenists of those days, I gave them air and cooling emulsions, and thus rescued more than a hundred from the grave. I have always endeavoured to discountenance the attempts of quacks and intermeddlers in physic, and by the help of Providence I have succeeded most wonderfully. My good Dr. Mead, you must consider this conversation as quite confidential, and if I mention any thing that has the air of boasting, you will reflect that I unbosom myself to a friend, and what I am about to say is for your encouragement. In 1686, I was made principal physician to Her Royal Highness the Princess Anne of Denmark, and soon after His late Majesty King William's arrival in England, he was graciously pleased to make me an offer of being sworn one of his physicians in ordinary, with a salary of two hundred pounds per annum more than any other. At the same time he generously ordered me five hundred guineas out of the privy purse for the cures of M. Bentinck and M. Zulestein.

Though I begged to be permitted to refuse the post, yet the King was so frequently ill of rheum and asthma, that, for the first eleven years of his reign, I gained, one year with another, more than six hundred guineas per annum, by my attendance upon His Majesty. My practice rapidly increased, and I was even credibly informed that Dr. Gibbons, who lived in my neighbourhood, got more than one thousand pounds a year by patients whom I really had not time to see, and who had therefore recourse to him. As my wealth increased, you will naturally ask me why I never married: it does not become me to speak of my good or ill fortune in that line, especially now when I ought to call my thoughts from all such vanities, and when the decays of nature tell me that I have only a short time to live. That time is, I am afraid, barely sufficient to repent me of the idle hours which I have spent in riotous living; for I now feel, in the pain which afflicts my nerves, that I am a martyr to excess, and am afraid that I have been an abettor and encourager of in-

temperance in others. Though by an indiscreet speech I lost the good graces of the Princess Anne, yet His Majesty King William still continued to have confidence in my skill. As a proof of it, I may mention that in 1695 I was sent for to Namur, to cure Lord Albemarle. After a week's residence in the camp abroad, His Majesty generously gave me an order on the Treasury for £1200, and His Lordship presented me with four hundred guineas, and this diamond ring, which I have always worn since. As to honours, I have always refused them: a baronetcy was offered me, but of what use would a title have been to me, who have no descendants to inherit it? I have always lived in a state of celibacy, and have uniformly replied to those who formerly urged me to marry some young gentlewoman to get heirs by, that truly I had an old one to take care of, who I intended should be my executrix, as Oxford *

* By his will he left his Yorkshire estate to the Master and Fellows of University College for ever, in

will learn after my death. For, thanks to Providence, I have been very successful,

trust for the foundation of two travelling fellowships, the overplus to be paid to them, for the purpose of buying perpetual advowsons for the members of the said College.

£5,000 for the enlargement of the building of University College, where he himself had been educated.

£40,000 for the building of a library at Oxford.

£500 yearly for ever, towards mending the diet of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

After the payment of these bequests, and some legacies to various individuals mentioned in the will, he gave to his executors, in trust, all his estates in Buckinghamshire, Yorkshire, Northamptonshire, and Surrey, to be applied to such charitable purposes as they in their discretion should think best; but no part thereof to their own use or benefit.

The Radcliffe Library, which is perhaps the most beautiful building in Oxford, was finished in 1749, when it was opened in a public ceremony: it has been appropriated, by a late resolution of the Trustees, to the reception of books in medicine and natural history. But that classical city has to boast of two other edifices which bear the name of the same munificent benefactor, and in their building the Trustees have been equally attentive to the interests of science and huma-

from the very beginning of my professional life; and I had not been settled a year in London, when I got twenty guineas a day by my practice: and even Dandridge, the apothecary whom I patronized, died, as I am informed, worth more than £50,000. The liberality of my patients enabled me to live and act in a generous manner. My fees were good: of which you may form some notion when I mention, that to go from Bloomsbury Square to Bow, I received

nity. The Observatory and Public Infirmary were both erected out of the funds of Dr. Radcliffe, by the Trustees of his will. The first of these edifices consists of a dwelling-house for the Observer, and is amply supplied with astronomical instruments: it is one of the buildings first asked for by foreigners who visit the University, and is remarkable for its beautiful staircase. The Radcliffe Infirmary was opened for the reception of patients, 1770.

From time to time, according to their means and as opportunities present themselves, the faithful and enlightened guardians of these funds have ever been found ready (in the exercise of the discretionary power with which they are entrusted) to contribute to every charitable and useful purpose.

five guineas. I do not tell this to you, my good friend, out of ostentation, but that it may serve as an encouragement to you to hear how the practice of physic has been remunerated."

Here Radcliffe paused, and appeared exhausted by speaking so long at a time.

Dr. Mead — "I feel infinitely obliged to you for your kind and confidential communication. No one in the least acquainted with the liberality of your conduct can for a moment accuse you of an ostentatious display of your wealth. The subject upon which you last touched, is one that has often excited my curiosity. I should like of all things to know, what Linacre got by his profession, how much Caius, Harvey, Sydenham, and other worthies of medicine received yearly for their professional labour. The honorarium or fee of a doctor, one would suppose, must always have been in proportion to the rarity of professional skill, though we must take into account the greater value of money in former times. There may be notices of this kind to be

met with in different books, but the only instances that occur at present to my memory are mentioned by that great benefactor of our College, Baldwin Hamey. In the valuable and entertaining account left by him of his contemporaries, he mentions, that about the year 1644, Dr. Rob. Wright, who died at the early age of twenty-eight years, was very successful in practice. The Latin expression (for his MS.* is written most elegantly in that language) is, I believe, as follows: '*Wrightus vixdum trimulus doctor, mille admodum coronatos, annuo spacio lucraretur.*' Now the coronatus, usually called a broad-piece, was about twenty-two shillings in value, and the receipt of a thousand of these by so young a physician, who had only been settled three years in the metropolis, is an instance of very singular good fortune indeed.

* Bustorum aliquot Reliquiæ. There is a copy of this curious MS. now in the College Library: it was purchased at the sale of Lord Verney's books, and presented to the College of Physicians by Dr. Monro, June 25, 1783.

"The next, is an account of a fee received by Hamey himself, and is thus related in the MS. life of that excellent man:—

"'It was in the time of the civil wars when it pleased God to visit him with a severe fit of sickness, or peripneumonia, which confined him a great while to his chamber, and to the more than ordinary care of his tender spouse. During this affliction, he was disabled from practice; but the very first time he dined in his parlour afterwards, a certain great man in high station came to consult him on an indisposition — (*ratione vagi sui amoris*) — and he was one of the godly ones too of those times. After the doctor had received him in his study, and modestly attended to his long religious preface, with which he introduced his ignominious circumstances, and Dr. Hamey had assured him of his fidelity, and gave him hopes of success in his affair, the generous soldier (for such he was) drew out of his pocket a bag of gold, and offered it all at a lump to his physician. Dr. Hamey, sur-

prised at so extraordinary a fee, modestly declined the acceptance of it; upon which the great man, dipping his hand into the bag himself, grasped up as much of his coin as his fist could hold, and generously put it into the doctor's coat pocket, and so took his leave. Dr. Hamey returned into his parlour to dinner, which had waited for him all that time, and smiling (whilst his lady was discomposed at his absenting so long), emptied his pocket into her lap. This soon altered the features of her countenance, who telling the money over, found it to be thirty-six broad pieces of gold: at which she being greatly surprised, confessed to the doctor that this was surely the most providential fee he ever received; and declared to him that, during the height of his severe illness, she had paid away (unknown to him) on a state levy towards a public supply, the like sum in number and value of pieces of gold; lest under the lowness of his spirits, it should have proved a matter of vexation, unequal to his strength at that time to bear; which being thus so re-

markably reimbursed to him by Providence, it was the properest juncture she could lay hold on to let him into the truth of it. It may be said," continued Mead, "that this was an extraordinary case, and the fee a most exorbitant one, which the patient paid as the price of secrecy: but the precaution was unnecessary (as it ought always to be in a profession whose very essence is honour and confidence); for the name of the generous soldier is never once mentioned in the life of Hamey, though I have good reason to believe he was no other than Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell."

RADCLIFFE. "These are curious particulars, and I thank you for them. To speak once more of my own good fortune, I found that, even seven years ago, to say nothing of what I have acquired since, upon inquiry into the bulk of my estate, both land and money, I was worth more than £80,000, which I then resolved to devote, all or most of it, to the service of the public. I hope, however, notwithstanding what I shall leave behind me, no one can accuse me of having

been sordid in my lifetime, or in case of the private distress of my friends, not to have instantly relieved them. I have never been such a niggard as to have preferred mountains of gold to the conversation and charms of society. Perhaps there was selfishness in this: for I never recollect to have spent a more delightful evening than that in the old room at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street, when my good friend Billy Nutley, who was indeed the better half of me, had been prevailed upon to accept of a small temporary assistance, and joined our party, the Earl of Denbigh, Lords Colpeper and Stawel, and Mr. Blackmore. But enough of this affair of money. To one so well skilled as yourself, I have not much to say on the subject of practice; but recollect, I beg of you, the treatment of small-pox. Combat the prejudices of mankind on that point. By insisting upon this, I lately saved the life of the young Duke of Beaufort. You have done much, by showing the advantage of employing aperient medicines in the decline of that distemper; and I much regret

that the letter you wrote to Dr. Freind upon that matter, and which you permitted me to inform him he might publish, has not yet seen the light. Go on as you have begun; and I confidently hope that something more may still be introduced into general practice by a physician of your good sense and liberal views, to mitigate the violence of that most formidable disease.

"But I am now drawing to a close. Last year, upon my being returned member of parliament for the town of Buckingham, I retired from practice, and I have recommended you to all my patients. Your own merit and acquirements will insure you success; but perhaps your career may be facilitated by what I have done for you. Recollect that the fame of a physician is subject to the caprices of fortune. I know the nature of attending crowned heads very well. But continue as you have commenced. Nothing could be better than the method you took for the preservation of her late gracious Majesty's health; though the people about her (the plagues of Egypt

fall upon them !) put it out of the power of physic to be of use to her. But I was sorry to hear the other day, that your enemies have spread a report that during the last days of the Queen's illness, you had pronounced that her Majesty could not live two minutes, and that you seemed uneasy it did not so happen. Tell me, I beg, the real state of the case."

"You very well know," said Dr. Mead, "that her Majesty had been long corpulent; and that, in her latter years, the habit of her body became gross and unwieldy. For the most part she had a good stomach, and ate heartily. But by reason of her immoderate fatness, and her weakness, occasioned by the gout, she became so inactive that she used but little exercise. In the beginning of her Majesty's illness, there was a difference of opinion among the doctors as to the propriety of giving the jesuits' bark; but I will not enter into all the disputes which took place on that occasion. It is enough to state, that after the appearance of the imposthume on the left leg, and

the coming on of the doziness which seized her on Thursday the 28th July, there was no doubt about the propriety of cupping her; and blisters were ordered, but not applied, for what reason I know not. The next morning her Majesty was seized with an apoplectic fit, attended with convulsions. After two hours and a half she recovered her senses, but lost them again next day, and died the following morning."

RADCLIFFE. "Well, I will inquire no further. I see your own modesty will not allow you to find fault with the injudicious practice and fatal security of your colleagues. I cannot but applaud your good feeling and liberality of sentiment; and wish you most heartily success in your future professional life. Accept this cane. It has accompanied me now for many years in my visits to the sick, and been present at many a consultation. Receive it as a token of my friendship, and prosper. '*Te nunc habet ista secundum.*'"

Here a twinge of the gout interrupted the speech of my old master; and Dr. Mead

shortly after left for London, taking me with him.

Dr. Radcliffe died on the first of November, 1714, three months after the Queen; and it was said that the dread he had of the populace, and the want of company in the country village where he had retired, and which he did not dare to leave, shortened his life.



MEAD.

CHAPTER II.

From the possession of a physician who was kind, generous, and social in the highest degree, but who was certainly more remarkable for strong good sense and natural sagacity than for literary attainments, I passed into the hands of an accomplished scholar. Dr. Mead was allowed even by his antagonists, themselves men of great erudition, to be *artis medicæ decus, vitæ reverq*

nobilis, and one who excelled all our chief nobility in the encouragement he afforded to the fine arts, polite learning, and the knowledge of antiquity. But though I had changed masters, it was no small satisfaction to me to return to the old House, for Mead not only succeeded Radcliffe in the greater part of his business, but removed to the residence which he had formerly occupied in Bloomsbury-square *. My present master, on commencing his profession, had first settled at Stepney, had then resided in Crutched, and afterwards in Austin Friers, for the purpose of being near St. Thomas' Hospital; but now the distance of his new abode obliged him to resign the situation of physician to that charitable establishment.

About six months after the death of Radcliffe, I was present at a consultation between Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Cheyne, and Mead. It was held on the case of Bishop Burnet, the prelate so celebrated for the "History of his own Time," and for the

* Afterwards inhabited by Sir John Rushout.

active part he had taken in the great transactions of that eventful period.

He had been taken ill of a violent cold, which soon turned to a pleurisy; and this increasing, and baffling all remedies, his worthy friend and relation Dr. Cheyne called in the assistance of the two other doctors. Up to this time Burnet had enjoyed uninterrupted good health, which he attributed, not without reason, to his temperate habits. "I will give you," said the venerable patient to Dr. Mead (for the Bishop was now 72 years old), "a short outline of my course of life. In summer I have been in the habit of rising at five in the morning, in the winter at six; and I have always officiated myself at prayer, though my chaplains may have been present. I then took my tea in company with my children, and read the Scriptures with them. I have generally spent six or eight hours a day in my study. The rest of the day has been passed by me in taking exercise, making friendly visits or cheerful meals. But now, to use an expression

of my late gracious master King William, whom I knew well for sixteen years, I feel 'que je tire vers ma fin.'" The presage was soon after fulfilled, and the Bishop died on the 17th March, 1714-5.

It is not, however, my intention to follow Mead into all the details of his private practice, but I will point out some of the material improvements introduced by him in his art, and the progress which the science of physic made in his hands. — Mr. Secretary Craggs applied to him, in 1719, to find out the most effectual method to prevent the spreading of the plague, which had proved so fatal that year at Marseilles. My master accordingly published a discourse on that subject, which was so well received as to go through no less than seven editions in a twelvemonth. The kingdom was at this time governed by Lords Justices, during the absence of His Majesty George the First, who was then in Hanover. An act of parliament was passed, in consequence of the advice given by Mead; but the Opposition of the day, chiefly with the

view to thwart the Ministry, caused two of its wisest clauses to be given up the following year. These related to the removing of sick persons from their habitations, and the making of lines of demarcation about infected places. Against the adoption of these prudent precautions an outcry was raised, that persons in office intrusted with such powers might be tempted to abuse them, and exercise their authority in a manner grievous to the subjects of the kingdom. Dr. Mead, on the other hand, contended, that *Salus populi suprema lex est;* and said that, if the plague should unhappily be brought again into England, he was sure the people themselves would cry out for help, notwithstanding wrong notions of liberty may sometimes overpossess their minds, and make them, under the best of governments, impatient of restraint. A clamour like this will probably be always renewed whenever this subject comes to be discussed by the public; the bold and the ignorant will excite it for the purposes of gainful notoriety, and the selfish trader from

a short-sighted view of his own immediate interest. "But suppose for a moment," said Mead in conversation with a friend, "that the laws of quarantine were useless, and that the fears entertained of the contagious nature of the plague were without foundation, how can the commerce of this country be benefited by the abolition of these regulations here, unless the rest of civilized Europe adopt the same measure, and agree, at a sort of general congress, to remove all restraints from their trade with the Levant? But, continued he, in an earnest manner, which had all the air of prophecy, "Depend upon it, whenever the doctrine of non-contagion is revived in England (and it will be, even a hundred years hence), it will always excite alarm among the nations who are more prudent than ourselves, and less eager to entertain every kind of wild and visionary speculation. Incalculable mischief will be done by the broaching of this pernicious doctrine *: the speculators who

* This anticipation was actually realized not two years ago; for the mere agitation of the Plague ques-

adopt such opinions should at least keep them to themselves, or if they will continue their experiments, let them make them *in corpore vili*, and not upon subjects which involve the general welfare of the community."

Two or three years after this, my master's attention was called to another matter of equal, or perhaps greater importance than the one just mentioned; and I had the satisfaction of witnessing another prodigious step made towards the improvement of physic. This was no less than the mitigation of that loathsome disease the small-pox, a malady more formidable, and infinitely more fatal than the plague itself. Lady Mary Wortley Montague having returned to England in 1722, was determined to introduce the practice of inoculating for the small-pox, which she had witnessed in

tion in the House of Commons excited the greatest alarm among the maritime nations of Europe, and for several months vessels sailing from England were put into quarantine at the different ports in the Mediterranean.

the East, and having before had the operation performed successfully upon her son at Constantinople, desired her family surgeon to engraft her daughter also with that disease. The process was witnessed by three physicians and the family apothecary; but though the success was complete, the profession still remained in suspense, and caution prevented the repetition of the experiment. But Caroline Princess of Wales, having nearly lost the life of one of her daughters, the Princess Anne, by small-pox, was desirous of having her children inoculated; and obtained from His Majesty George the First, that six condemned felons should be pardoned for the good of the public, on condition of their submitting to be inoculated. Five of the felons contracted the disease favourably; the sixth, who concealed having previously had the small-pox, was not infected—but all escaped hanging. At the suggestion of my master, the Chinese method was practised upon a seventh criminal, who was a young girl of eighteen years of age. He accordingly in-

troduced into her nostrils a tent, wetted with matter taken out of ripe pustules, which nearly approaches to the practice of the Chinese, who take the skins of some of the dried pustules which have fallen from the body, and put them into a porcelain bottle, stopping the mouth of it very closely with wax. When they have a mind to infect any one, they make up three or four of these skins (inserting between them one grain of musk) into a tent with cotton, which they put up the nostrils. In the case of the girl whom my master treated as above related, she, like those who were inoculated by incisions made in the skin, fell sick and perfectly recovered.

The attention of the medical world was naturally much engrossed by this new method, and every one was discussing the nature of the small-pox, of which the contagious quality was one of the most remarkable properties. "How strange!" said Mead, "that this property, apparently so obvious, should not have been noticed by every writer on the subject, from the very first

appearance of this dangerous malady among us. Yet Sydenham, discerning, as he has been called, does not take the slightest notice of it, and perhaps even at this very day, had it not been for the introduction of this novel method of communicating it, its infectious quality might not have been universally admitted. One would suppose that the merest tyro in an apothecary's shop could not have seen half a dozen cases of the small-pox without being convinced that one person caught it from another. An additional striking example of what has often been observed before, that the most plain and obvious truths lie undiscovered till accident bring them to light. — More than twenty years after this, Dr. Mead published a treatise on the small-pox and measles, which contained many valuable observations on both these diseases, and also strong recommendations of the practice of inoculation. To this treatise, which is written in a pure Latin style, he subjoined a translation of Rhazes' commentary on the small-pox into the same language, a copy

of which he had obtained from Leyden, through the assistance of his friend and fellow-student Boerhaave, with whom my master maintained a constant correspondence.

The next improvement which Dr. Mead introduced into the practice of medicine was entirely of his own invention, and serves to show that his mind was not only capable of the extended views of philosophy, but was alive to the most minute circumstances that could contribute towards the perfection of his art. For the skill of a physician, though it assume a more exalted character when displayed in the pursuit of general science, is equally conspicuous, and perhaps more immediately useful, when exerted in the discovery and employment of ingenious contrivances for the relief of suffering humanity.

My master had often considered what could be the reason that, in cases of persons labouring under dropsy, when the water is suddenly drawn off, the patient swoons and frequently dies on the spot. A simple ex-

pedient occurred to him, which was this: during the operation of tapping, to make external pressure by the hands, and afterwards to apply a bandage to the belly. I was present when this method was first tried in the hospital, and afterwards frequently saw it used, more especially in the case of Dame Mary Page, wife of Sir Gregory Page, Bart., who was afflicted with this disease, and died March 4th, 1728, in the fifty-sixth year of her age. In sixty-seven months she was tapped sixty-six times, and had two hundred and forty gallons of water taken away, without ever once fearing the operation *. This was certainly a most valuable discovery, and shows the advantage derivable from the exercise of good sense and sound judgment; for Mead naturally reflected, that the removal of the pressure of the accumulated water caused the fibres suddenly to lose the extension which they had previously acquired; and

* I have heard that all these particulars are carefully recorded on the monument of this dropsical lady, in Bunhill Fields.

it as naturally occurred to him, that the tendency to faint could only be obviated by substituting an external support to the parts.

But it is now time, after having related the benefits he conferred upon mankind by enlarging the boundaries of medical science, to revert to some details of a more domestic character. It has been mentioned before, when speaking of the first experiment of inoculation made in this country, that zeal for his profession had on one occasion brought my master acquainted with the veriest outcasts of society, and in contact with convicted felons: it remains for me to relate how the calls of friendship and generous sympathy led him again within the walls of a prison.

In politics Mead was a hearty Whig, but he reckoned amongst his friends many whose sentiments differed widely from his own. Garth, Arbuthnot, and Freind were among his chief associates: with the latter particularly he had always been on terms of the most friendly intercourse. Recently

the intimacy of these two distinguished physicians had been much increased by a controversy in which they were embarked in support of their own enlightened views on the subject of the cooling treatment of the small-pox, against the attacks of the ignorant and malevolent.

About this time Dr. Freind had been elected member of parliament for Launceston in Cornwall, and acting in his station as a senator with that warmth and freedom which was natural to him, he distinguished himself by some able speeches against measures which he disapproved. He was supposed to have had a hand in Atterbury's plot, as it was then called, for the restoration of the Stuart family; and having been also one of the speakers in favour of the Bishop, this drew upon him so much resentment that (the Habeas Corpus Act being at that time suspended) he was, on March 15, 1722-3, committed to the Tower. Here he lay a prisoner for some months, and my master did all he could to procure his liberation: during his confinement his practice

fell chiefly into the hands of Mead. As soon as permission could be obtained, which was not till he had been some time in prison, we paid a visit to Freind, and entered that building whose low and sombre walls and bastions have frowned on many an innocent and many a guilty head.

When his room door opened, we found him in the act of finishing a Latin letter to my master "On certain kinds of the Small-pox;" and, as he perceived our approach, he came forward with an expression of great delight in his countenance. "I was writing a letter to you, with the permission of the governor of the Tower; and you are indebted," he added in a low whisper, "to my companion (looking at the warder, who was in the same chamber with his prisoner) for its brevity: for I don't find that his presence assists me much in composition."—During our interview, Freind told Mead that he passed his time not unpleasantly, for that he had begun to write the History of Physic, from the time of Galen to the commencement of the sixteenth century; but

that at present he felt the necessity of consulting more books than the circumstances in which he was now placed would give him an opportunity of perusing--"Though I ought not to repine," said he, "while I have this book (pointing to a Greek Testament, which was lying on the table), the daily and diligent perusal of which solaces my confinement. I have lately been reading the Gospel of St. Luke, and I need not point out to a scholar like yourself, and one who has paid so much attention to what I may call the medical history of the Bible *, how much nearer the language of St. Luke, who was by profession a physician, comes to the ancient standard of classical Greek than that of the other Evangelists. To be sure it has a mixture of the Syriac phrase, which may be easily allowed in one who was born a Syrian; yet the reading the Greek authors, while he studied medicine, made his lan-

* This subject had long occupied the thoughts of Dr. Mead, although his treatise styled "Medica Sacra, sive de Morbis insignioribus qui in Bibliis memorantur, Commentarius," did not appear till 1749.

guage without dispute more exact. His style is sometimes even very flowing and florid — as when, in the Acts of the Apostles, he describes the voyage of St. Paul; and when he has occasion to speak of distempers or the cure of them, you must have observed that he makes use of words more proper for the subject than the others do. It is besides remarkable that St. Luke is more particular in reciting all the miracles of our Saviour in relation to *healing* than the other Evangelists are; and that he gives us one history which is omitted by the rest, viz. that of raising the widow's son at Nain."

My master left the prisoner, with an assurance that he would use all the influence he possessed to procure his liberty: "For," said he, smiling, "however much your cultivated mind is enabled to amuse itself by reading and writing, I presume you will have no sort of objection to resign your newly-acquired office of *Medicus Regius ad Turrim* *."

* This appointment was held by Dr. Gideon Harvey, from the year 1719 till 1754.

Very shortly afterwards, the opportunity of effecting this did actually occur; for when Sir Robert Walpole, the minister of the day, sent to consult Mead on account of an indisposition, he availed himself of the occasion to plead the cause of the captive. He urged, that though the warmth and freedom of Freind might have betrayed him into some intemperate observations, yet no one could doubt his patriotic feelings and loyalty; that his public services had been great, for he had attended the Earl of Peterborough in his Spanish expedition as an army physician; and had also accompanied in the same capacity the Duke of Ormond into Flanders; that he deserved well of science, for he had done much to call the attention of the world to the new and sound principles of the Newtonian philosophy; and was besides a man of excellent parts, a thorough scholar, and one whom all acknowledged to be very able in his profession: and, finally, the Doctor refused to prescribe for the Minister unless the prisoner was set at liberty. He was



almost immediately relieved from prison, and admitted to bail; his sureties being Dr. Mead, Dr. Hulse, Dr. Levet, and Dr. Hale.

* From a spirited medallion of Dr. Freind, carved in box-wood. There is a portrait of him in the hall of Christ Church, Oxford, upon which is inscribed the following stanza from the pen of Anthony Alsop:

Cui suas artes, sua dona lætus
Et Lyram, et Venæ salientis ictum,
Scire concessit, celerem et medendi
Delius usum.



The evening after this event, there was a numerous assembly at our house in Great Ormond Street, attracted by the hope of meeting Freind, and congratulating him on

* A large house at the corner of Powis Place, now No. 49. There is a good garden behind the house, at the bottom of which was a museum. After Mead's death it was occupied by Sir Harry Grey, Lord Grey's uncle.

his liberation from the Tower. He came, and every one was delighted to see him once more at large. Besides the number of acquaintances and friends who were there, when it is observed that no foreigner of any learning, taste, or even curiosity, ever arrived in England without being introduced to my master (as it would have been a reproach to have returned without seeing a scholar and physician who was in correspondence with all the literati of Europe), it may easily be imagined that on so remarkable an occasion our *conversazione* was a crowded one. When the party broke up, and Freind and Arbuthnot were about to take their leave together, as they lived in the same part of the town — the former in Albemarle Street, and the latter in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens — Dr. Mead begged Freind to step with him for a moment into his own private study, which was a small room adjoining the library. There he presented him with the sum of five thousand guineas, which he had received from Freind's patients, whom he had visited

during his imprisonment. On returning to the great room he wished them both good night, and jocosely said to Arbuthnot (who happened to hold the office of Censor of the College that year), "Now I commit our common friend here to your magisterial care and guidance: see that he does not again get into trouble; and on the least appearance of irregularity, report him to the President, Sir Hans Sloane. I look to you, Arbuthnot, to preserve harmony* amongst us."

These meetings, of which Dr. Mead was very fond, took place at stated periods, and the visitors assembled in the library, a spacious room about 60 feet long, of the richness of which an idea may be formed by referring to the catalogue of the sale of its contents, which took place after his death. The books, amounting to about ten thousand volumes, were sold in twenty-eight days.

* Arbuthnot was a dilettante in the art of music, and occasionally composed sacred pieces. One anthem by him, "As pants the hart," is in the collection of the Chapel Royal.

The sale of the prints and drawings occupied fourteen evenings, and the coins and medals were disposed of in eight days. But at the time of which I speak, all these literary treasures were collected under one roof; and the assemblage of marble statues of Greek philosophers, Roman emperors, bronzes, gems, intaglios, Etruscan vases, and other rare specimens of antiquity, was most choice and valuable. Ranged along one side of the room stood the busts of the great English poets—Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope: they were of the size of life, of white marble, and by the hand of Scheemakers. The corner in which I was usually placed was between a statue of Hygeia * and a cabinet of iron which once belonged to Queen Elizabeth. This cabinet was full

* At Mead's sale this statue, three feet and a half high, was bought by Dr. Anthony Askew, for £50. On the same occasion, a magnificent statue of Antinous, of white marble and of the size of nature, was purchased by the Marquess of Rockingham, for £241. 10*s*. The celebrated bronze head of Homer was sold for £136. 10*s*. to Lord Exeter.

of valuable coins, among which was a medal of the Protector which Mead frequently exhibited as a curiosity to his visitors: it had Oliver's head in profile, with this legend, "The Lord of Hosts, the word at Dunbar, Sept. 1650;" on the reverse, the parliament sitting.

Placed in this favourite spot, I often overheard very interesting discourse. On one occasion particularly, I recollect that the conversation turned on the condition and rank of physicians in society. The persons who took a leading part in the conversation were, if I remember rightly, my master, Dr. Freind, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Ward, the professor of rhetoric in Gresham College. The topic was suggested by some accidental allusion to the attack which had been lately made by Dr. Conyers Middleton on the dignity of medicine, in a dissertation * written by him concerning the state of physic in old Rome. The indignation of the physicians of that day was natu-

* De Medicorum apud Veteres Romanos Degentium Conditione. Cantab. 1726.

rally roused, and they were all up in arms against the author.

Dr. Mead began by asking, "What class of men have deserved better of the public than physicians? How much, for instance, does not this country owe to Linacre, the founder of our College? He was perhaps the most learned man of his time, and on his travels was received by Lorenzo de Medicis with the most marked distinction. That munificent patron of literature granted him the privilege of attending the same preceptors with his own sons, and Linacre improved the opportunities he enjoyed with great diligence and success. At Florence, under Demetrius Chalcondylas, who had fled from Constantinople when it was taken by the Turks, he acquired a perfect knowledge of the Greek language.

"He studied eloquence at Bologna under Politian, one of the most elegant Latinists in Europe; and while he was at Rome he devoted himself to medicine and the study of natural philosophy under Hermolaus Barbarus. Linacre was the first



*

Englishman who read Aristotle and Galen in the original Greek. On his return to England, having taken the degree of M.D. at Oxford, he gave lectures in physic, and taught the Greek language in that university. His reputation soon became so high,

* From a Portrait of Linacre by Holbein, in Kensington Palace, a copy of which hangs over the fire-place in the Censor's Room of the College of Physi-

that King Henry VII. called him to court, and entrusted him with the care of the health and education of his son Prince Arthur. To show the extent of his acquirements, I may mention, that he instructed Princess Catherine in the Italian language, and that he published a work on mathematics, which he dedicated to his pupil Prince Arthur. A treatise on grammar, which has universally been acknowledged to be a work of great erudition, is from the pen of Linacre: Melancthon, indeed, pronounces it to be inferior to none of its kind then extant. In his own style he reminds one of the elegance of Terence, and in his medical treatises very nearly approaches the clear and perspicuous language of Celsus.

"Linacre was successively Physician to Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and to the Princess Mary. He established lectures on physic in both Universities; and he was the founder of our Royal College of Physicians, of which he was the first President, holding that office during the last seven years of his

life. He was indeed," said Mead, "a most accomplished scholar: the Latin style of Linacre is so pure and elegant as to rank him amongst the finest writers of his age; his friend Erasmus saying of him that he was '*vir non exacti tantum, sed severi judicii.*' — Though the medical writings of Linacre are only translations, yet we cannot but form a favourable opinion of his professional skill, not only from the general estimation of his contemporaries, but from the sagacity of his prognosis in the case of his friend Lily the celebrated grammarian, as well as from the rational simplicity of the method by which he relieved Erasmus in a painful fit of the gravel."

There was a pause here, and Mr. Professor Ward asked my master if it was true that Linacre had, in the latter part of his life, changed his profession, and entered into the priesthood.

MEAD. "Yes, it was certainly true; but he still to his dying day had his thoughts upon physic, for it was towards the close

of his life that he projected the College of Physicians, of which he remained President till his death. It was also true that, on first applying himself to the study of divinity, he was a most sincere searcher of the Scriptures, studying the Bible with great avidity; and that on reading the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of St. Matthew, he threw the book away, and swore that this was either not the Gospel, or we were not Christians."

FREIND. "Your account of Linacre is quite correct, and you have certainly not passed upon him a greater eulogium than he deserves. If any other example were required to prove to the world how much some of the members of our body have done to further the cause of learning, there is one very ready to be cited in the physician to whom we owe the compilation of the first annals of our College. Though an Englishman, we find Dr. Caius reading lectures on Aristotle in the university of Padua; and afterwards using the influence

he possessed at court, where he was Physician to Queen Mary, in behalf of literature: for it was at his instance that a licence was obtained from the Queen to advance Gonvil-hall at Cambridge, and incorporate it under the name of Gonvil and Caius College. This College he endowed afterwards with considerable estates for the maintenance of an additional number of fellows and scholars. He was Fellow, Cênsor, and President of the London College; and even in advanced life never absented himself from our meetings without a dispensation. He was buried in the Chapel of the College he had founded at Cambridge; and the simple inscription upon his monument, while it records the date of his death, adds a sentiment which should reconcile us to the frail and doubtful tenure of our present existence, by the certainty and permanence of well-merited posthumous fame:—

'Fui Caius. Vivit post funera virtus. Obiit 1573, Æt. 63.'"

MEAD. "It would be easy to go on enu-

merating the medical men whose names are allied with the history of science and classical literature in England, but your own memories will fill up the catalogue. Our archives contain several MSS. which, if published, would benefit the republic of letters: I have often regretted that Hamey's notes and criticisms upon the works of Aristophanes have never yet been given to the world."

FREIND. "It was intended that they should have been so. My friend the Bishop of Rochester recommended that they should be sent to Kuster, that learned critic to whom we owe the late excellent edition * of the Greek poet which was done in Holland; but the work was unfortunately too far advanced in the press before the offer was made, so that Hamey's MS. still remains in the College Library."

MEAD. "I have been much amused with

* Called Editio Optima.



the character drawn of Hamey by his biographer: it is full of quaintness and antithesis; and, if I recollect perfectly, is to the following effect. 'He was a consummate scholar without pedantry, a complete philosopher without any taint of infidelity; learned without vanity, grave without moroseness, solemn without preciseness, plea-

* From a portrait of Hamey in the dining-room of the College.

sant without levity, regular without formality, nice without effeminacy, generous without prodigality, and religious without hypocrisy.'—These are a few of the learned physicians who have been the pillars and ornaments of the profession; which, so far from having been considered formerly a degrading one, has not only been patronized by royal and noble benefactors, but we boast of some of the latter quality amongst our own body. The Marquess of Dorchester not only left us his library, enriched with the best books; but was enrolled amongst our Fellows, assisted at our meetings, and exerted himself in every possible way to promote the study of medicine."—[My master here grew warm, and turning round to Mr. Professor Ward, more particularly addressed himself to him:]—"Why amongst the Athenians there was a law that no slave nor woman should dare to study medicine. Have not the greatest philosophers of antiquity devoted themselves to it? have not Pythagoras, Democritus, and Aristotle, written expressly upon botany,

anatomy, and physic? It is well known that the inhabitants of Smyrna associated upon the coins * of that city the names of their celebrated physicians with the effigies of their gods. I am aware that amongst the Romans our art was not held in such high esteem; but it is well known that in the time of Julius Cæsar, when physicians came from Greece (the country whence the Romans derived all their polite learning and knowledge of the fine arts), they were complimented with the freedom of the Eternal City, a privilege of which that proud people was extremely jealous."

ARBUTHNOT. "What you have said will show the dignity of our art, and who will doubt of its liberality who reflects for a moment on the generous and spirited conduct of our poor friend Garth, whose death we all deplore? To whom but a Physician

* Some envious antiquary has lately insinuated that the coins from which Mead drew this inference were struck in honour of magistrates and not of medical men.



was the corpse of Dryden indebted for a suitable interment? We all recollect how he caused it to be brought and placed in our College, proposed and encouraged a subscription for the expense of the funeral, pronounced an oration over the remains of the great Poet, and afterwards attended the solemnity from Warwick Lane to West-

* From a portrait of Garth by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the Censor's Room of the College.

minster Abbey, where it was conveyed on the 13th May, 1700, attended by more than a hundred coaches.

"But Garth was indeed the best-natured of men: besides being a polite scholar, ever attentive to the honour of the faculty, and never stooping to prostitute the dignity of the profession through mean or sordid views of self-interest *."

MEAD. "The loss of such a man we shall all long lament: besides there is something in the death of a colleague peculiarly melancholy. His mind has been formed by the same studies, the same motives must have actuated his conduct, he must have

* Will no one erect a monument to Garth? He and his wife are buried under the communion-table in the chancel of Harrow church, with nothing but the following rude inscription to mark the spot:—

"In this Vault Lies ye Body of ye Lady Garth, Late Wife of Sir Samuel Garth, Kt. Who Dyed ye 14 of May, In ye year 1717.

Sir Samuel Garth,
Obijt janr: the 18th, 1718."

been influenced by the same hopes and fears, and run pretty nearly the same career in life with ourselves; and at his death we are forcibly struck with the futility of all our plans, the emptiness and littleness of all our schemes of ambition. I know not when I have been more affected than in reading a few days ago, the story of the death of Dr. Fox as told by Hamey, in his *Bustorum aliquot Reliquiæ*. He was a younger son of Fox the martyrologist, and had been a warm friend and active patron of Hamey, the great benefactor, and, as I may call him, second founder of our College. In that curious MS. which contains the characters of his contemporary physicians, statesmen, and other celebrated persons of his day, Hamey speaks in the most pathetic terms of the death-bed scene of his friend, and I will endeavour to recollect the precise Latin expressions in which Fox takes leave of him. *Mi amice, vale; crastinus dies liberabit tuum ab his angustiis. Et vale dixisse iterum, porrectâque quam suspicabar frigidiore manu, expressisse mihi*

lacrymas, meamque illam imbelliam, averso leviter capite, redarguisse et susurrasse. Hoccine est philosophari? et fructum promere tot colloquiorum? Hamey adds, *Victus ego dolore et pudore, me domum confero, arbitratus in ista ἀμηχανία levius fore audire cætera quam videre.* But let us change this melancholy subject. Tell us," addressing Arbuthnot, "are we to expect another volume of the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus; or are Pope, Swift, and yourself tired of the project? I hope there is not an end of a scheme which was so calculated, by ridiculing the abuse of human learning, to benefit the cause of polite letters."

The answer of that brilliant wit and scholar was unfavourable; and it evidently appeared from the dejected tone in which he spoke, that the change in the fortunes of the illustrious triumvirate which had been occasioned by the death of Queen Anne, had depressed his spirits, and terminated the plan.

Most of the party had now assembled round Dr. Mead, to listen to this hasty recital of the merits of the distinguished physicians of former days. Of the names and persons of many of those present that evening, I have now no recollection: but, even at this distance of time, the figure of one who leaned on the arm of Arbuthnot is distinctly present to my imagination. He was protuberant before and behind, and used humorously to compare himself to a spider; and was so feeble that he could not, as I have heard, dress or undress himself, and was always wrapped up in fur and flannel, besides wearing a boddice of stiff canvas. In this description every one will recognise the form of Pope. He took no part in the conversation; but his fine, sharp, and piercing eye, directed as it was alternately to the different speakers, indicated that he felt no common concern in the subject. But he did not stay long; pleading as an apology for his departure an attack of his old enemy the headach, and the intention of returning to Twicken-

ham* that evening. As he passed by the spot in which I was placed, I heard him say to a friend who accompanied him, and who, like himself, had just taken leave of Dr. Mead: "I highly esteem and love that worthy man. His unaffected humanity and benevolence have stifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profession would otherwise have drawn out; and, indeed, I ought to speak well of his profession, for there is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty. They are in general the most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as the most learned men I know."

The party now moved to a little distance to inspect a bust of Harvey, which my

* This elegant villa had been recently purchased by the poet, with part of the money he had received for his translation of the Iliad; an enormous sum in those days, between five and six thousand pounds: but what was that in comparison with the hundred and twenty thousand pounds which the great popular author of the present time has received for the various works with which he has delighted and instructed the world?



master had lately caused to be executed by an excellent hand, from an original picture in his possession. "This bust," said Mead, "I intend to present to the College, to replace in some measure the statue of Harvey which was erected to him during his lifetime, and stood in the hall of our

* Now placed in the Library of the College.

former building, and which was no doubt lost in the great fire. I have long thought it a reproach that we should not at least possess a bust of *him* who, to use the strong and figurative language of the Latin inscription, gave motion to the blood, and origin to animals, and must ever be hailed by us *Stator Perpetuus*."

FREIND. "The skill of the sculptor has been successfully employed here. The mild features of the old man are well expressed, and exhibit with fidelity his candid and gentle nature. I see him now, in my mind's eye, after the surrender of Oxford to the Parliament, and the loss of his wardenship of Merton College, in his retirement at Richmond. The visit paid him there by his intimate friend Dr. George Ent, is related in so lively and pleasing a manner, that one is almost present at the interview. It was in the year 1651, when Harvey was in his seventy-first year. 'I found him,' says Ent, 'in his seclusion, not far from town, with a sprightly and cheerful counte-

nance, investigating, like Democritus, the nature of things. Asking if all was well with him, 'How can that be?' replied Harvey, 'when the state is so agitated with storms, and I myself am yet in the open sea? And, indeed,' added he, 'were not my mind solaced by my studies, and the recollection of the observations I have formerly made, there is nothing which should make me desirous of a longer continuance. But thus employed, this obscure life, and vacation from public cares, which disquiets other minds, is the medicine of mine.' Who does not admire," continued Freind, "the modest altercation that arose between the great discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and Dr. Ent, about the publication of those most valuable papers containing his Exercitations on the Generation of Animals. One may imagine him replying to the importunity of his friend, that though, at his advanced age, it was of little consequence what the world thought of his writings, yet he could never forget, after the publication, at Frankfort, in 1628, of

his doctrine of the circulation of the blood, that such was the general prejudice against him as an innovator, that his practice as a physician considerably declined. To be sure, he might look upon himself as recompensed in some degree for the ingratitude of the public by the regard and favour of his royal master Charles I. whose attachment to the arts and sciences formed a conspicuous part of his character. For the King, with some of the noblest persons about the Court, condescended to be spectators and witnesses of his experiments; and, indeed, His Majesty took so much interest in his anatomical researches, that, with respect to these very inquiries about the nature of generation, he had received much assistance from the opportunities afforded him of dissecting a vast number of animals, which were killed in the King's favourite diversion of stag-hunting.

"Dr. Ent at last succeeded in obtaining the papers; and concludes the account of their interview by saying, 'I went from him like another Jason in possession of the

golden fleece; and when I came home, and perused the pieces singly, I was amazed that so vast a treasure should have been so long hidden.'"

MR. PROFESSOR WARD. "You mention the destruction of a former building; pray, where did the College meet prior to the erection of the present edifice in Warwick Lane? Was it not somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's?"

DR. MEAD. "Its very first meetings, immediately after its establishment in 1518, were held in the house of Linacre, called The Stone House, Knight-Rider Street; which still belongs to the College. But some time afterwards, this not being found large enough, a house was taken of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, at the bottom of Amen Corner. It was in the hall of this mansion that the Fellows placed, in December, 1652, the statue of Harvey, which I mentioned as having disappeared in the dreadful calamity of the great fire.



* The stone house, No. 5, Knight-Rider Street. The armorial ensigns of the College are placed between the two centre windows of the first floor. Their proper blazon is as follows:

Sable, a hand proper, vested argent, issuant out of clouds in chief of the second, rayonée, Or, feeling the pulse of an arm in fesse, proper, issuant from the sinister side of the shield, vested argent; in base a pomegranate between five demi-fleurs-de-lis bordering the edge of the escutcheon, Or.

Behind this house was a garden belonging to the College; and here Harvey had built, at his own expense, an elegantly-furnished Convocation Room; and a Museum filled with choice books and surgical instruments. On the second of February, 1653, he invited the members to a splendid entertainment, and on that occasion presented the College with a deed of gift of the buildings * he had erected in their gar-

* In March, 1823, the late Earl of Winchilsea presented to the College some anatomical preparations which belonged to his ancestor Dr. Harvey; for the niece of Harvey was married to the Lord Chancellor Nottingham, of whom the late Earl was the direct descendant, and possessed his property. At Burleigh on the Hill, where these curious preparations had been carefully kept, is a fine picture of the illustrious physician. Lord Winchilsea, in presenting them to the College of Physicians, expressed a hope that these specimens of the scientific researches of Harvey might be deemed worthy of their acceptance, and thought that they could nowhere be so well placed as in the hands of that learned body, of which he had been so distinguished a member. The preparations themselves consist of six tables or boards, upon which are spread the different nerves and blood-vessels, carefully dis-

den. After the general conflagration of 1666, which, while it destroyed almost the

sected out of the body: in one of them the semilunar valves of the aorta are distinctly to be seen. When Harvey delivered his Lumleian Lectures, he may frequently have exhibited these preparations, and by their help explained some points of his new doctrine of the circulation of the blood. They were most probably made by Harvey himself; and he might have learned the art in Italy, for he studied at Padua in 1602. A few years afterwards, on his return to England, he was appointed anatomical and surgical lecturer to the College of Physicians, and in 1616, read a course of lectures there, of which the original manuscripts are preserved in the British Museum. In the College of Surgeons are some preparations similar to these of Harvey, which originally belonged to the Museum of the Royal Society, kept at Gresham College. 'They were the generous gift of John Evelyn, Esquire, who bought them at Padua, where he saw them, with great industry and exactness (according to the best method then used) taken out of the body of a man, and very curiously spread upon four large tables. They were the work of Fabritius Bartoletus, then Veslingius's assistant there, and afterwards physician to the King of Poland. Vide Catalogue or Description of the natural and artificial Rarities belonging to the Royal Society, etc. By Nehemiah Grew, 1681.

whole of the city, consumed our College

Since the time of Harvey, the method of preserving different parts of the body has undergone many changes, and much improvement; and the history of the art would be a subject of curious investigation.

In the Philosophical Transactions for May 7, 1666, Mr. Boyle mentions a method he had invented of preserving or embalming the embryo of a chick in a glass filled with spirit of wine, to which he sometimes added a little sal armoniack, as he observed it never coagulated the spirit of wine.

Ruysch, the professor at Amsterdam, if not the discoverer of the use of injections, for the display of vascular and other structure, contributed, together with the suggestions of De Graaf and Swammerdam, by his own ingenuity and industry, to introduce that important practice among anatomists. His museum became ultimately the most magnificent that any private individual had ever, at that time, accumulated, and was the resort of visitors of every description. Generals, ambassadors, princes, and even kings, were happy in the opportunity of visiting it. It was purchased in 1717, by the Czar Peter the Great, for thirty thousand florins, and sent to Petersburg.

Dr. Frank Nicholls, who married a daughter of Mead's, was the inventor of corroded anatomical preparations. He was at one time professor of anatomy at Oxford, and author of a treatise *De Animâ Medicâ*.

and the greatest part of our Library *, the meetings of the Fellows were generally held at the house of the President: but three years afterwards, a piece of ground having been purchased in Warwick Lane, the College was begun to be built there, in 1670, and in four years was completed. It was opened, as it would appear, without any particular ceremony, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1674, under the presidency of Sir George Ent, the physician of

* One hundred and twelve folio books were saved from the flames. About ten years before this calamity, the College of Physicians had been enriched by the will of Sir Theodore Mayerne, who left his Library to them. This prosperous physician, who enjoyed the singular honour of having been physician to four kings, viz. Henry IV. of France, James I. Charles I. and Charles II. of England, died very rich. It is said he left behind him £10,000 more than Radcliffe. He was a man of singular address, and distinguished for his knowledge of chemistry and natural philosophy. The famous enamel painter Petitot, when in England, was introduced by Mayerne to Charles I. and was indebted also to him for many valuable hints as to the principal colours to be used for enamel, and the best means of vitrifying them.



*

whose visit to the immortal Harvey, Dr. Freind has just given us so interesting an account."

The library of Dr. Mead never witnessed a more brilliant assembly than this; at least the conversation which I have endeavoured to relate made a great impression upon me.

* Old College, Warwick Lane.



*

I do not mean, as was said before, to dwell upon the details of the private practice of Dr. Mead; for, to tell the truth, I have long been (to use one of our new-fangled French words) rather *blasé* on the topic of medical cases. How, indeed, can it be otherwise with me, who have seen five generations of physicians; and must, therefore, have infinitely more experience than any doctor who ever existed? One hundred and thirty years have elapsed since I first became connected with physic;

* Interior of Mead's Library; from an engraving in the British Museum.

for I am almost coeval with the College in Warwick Lane; having made my first appearance fifteeen years only after the completion of that building; and can only be said to have completely retired from the bustle of practice within the last two or three years. With the usual appearance of the symptoms of diseases, the ordinary remedies prescribed, and the common topics of consolation and advice, I soon became, even from the very commencement of my career, very familiar; it was therefore only by some very extraordinary case indeed, or by attending some very remarkable patient, that I felt much interested. Of the latter description was the illness of that great and good man, Sir Isaac Newton. In 1726, early in the month of March, Mr. Conduitt called upon my master, and carried him, together with Mr. Cheselden *, to Kensington, where Sir Isaac had

* This eminent surgeon and anatomist was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society at the early age of twenty-three years; and soon justified their choice by a variety of curious and useful communications. He was

shortly before taken a house for the benefit of his health.

It was my lot often to be in company with the eminent surgeon whose name I have now mentioned; for the public seemed

chief surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital; was also consulting surgeon of St. George's Hospital and the Westminster Infirmary, and had the honour of being appointed principal surgeon to Queen Caroline, by whom he was highly esteemed. He was much distinguished for his skill as a lithotomist, and added also greatly to his reputation by couching a lad of nearly fourteen years of age, who was either born blind, or had lost his sight so early as to have no recollection of ever having seen. The observations made by the patient, after obtaining the blessing of sight, are singularly curious, and have been much reasoned upon by several writers on vision. Surgery is much indebted to Cheselden for the simplicity which he introduced into it. In his own practice he was guided by consummate skill, was perfectly master of his hand, fruitful in resources, prepared for all events, operating with remarkable dexterity and coolness. He was, in the strict sense of the term, a great surgeon; and, being a man of singular candour and humanity, and fond of the polite arts, was honoured by the friendship and acquaintance of men of genius and taste.

universally to have adopted the sentiment of the popular poet of the day:

> "I 'll try what Mead and Cheselden advise."
> POPE.

Consequently, in most complicated cases of importance, requiring the united skill and attendance of a physician and surgeon, these two celebrated practitioners were called in to consultation.

On our first interview, it was pronounced that the illness of Sir Isaac arose from stone in the bladder, and no hopes were given of his recovery; and yet, to look upon the great philosopher, though now in his eighty-fifth year, he had the bloom and colour of a young man, had never worn spectacles, nor lost more than one tooth during his whole life. Besides being blessed with a very happy and vigorous constitution, he had been very temperate in his diet, though we did not learn that he had ever observed any regimen. He was of middle stature, and at this time plump in his person; had a very lively and piercing eye, a comely and gracious aspect,

and a fine head of hair, as white as silver, without any baldness, and when his peruke was off, he had truly a most venerable appearance. On inquiry we found, that for some years before his present illness, he had suffered so much from the same disorder, that he had put down his chariot, and had gone out always in a chair; had left off dining abroad, or with much company at home. He ate little flesh; lived chiefly upon broth, vegetables, and fruit, of which latter he always partook very heartily. Notwithstanding his present infirmities had been gradually increasing upon him, nothing could induce him to absent himself entirely from town, and he had continued to go occasionally to the Mint, although his nephew had for the last year transacted the business there for him. It appeared that on the last day of the preceding month he had gone to town, in order to be present at a meeting of the Royal Society: on the next day Mr. Conduitt told us that he had seen him, and thought he had not observed him in better health for many years; that

Sir Isaac was sensible of it himself, for that he had told him, smiling, that he had slept the Sunday before, from eleven at night to eight in the morning, without waking; but that the great fatigue he had endured in going to the Society, in making and receiving visits, had brought on his old complaint violently upon him. He had returned to Kensington on the Saturday following. This was the statement we received; and we found him suffering great pain. But though the drops of sweat ran down from his face with anguish, he never complained, or cried out, or showed the least signs of peevishness or impatience. On the contrary, during the short intervals between these violent fits of torture, he smiled, and talked with my master with his usual cheerfulness. On Wednesday, the fifteenth of March, he seemed a little better; and some faint hopes were entertained of his recovery. On Saturday, the eighteenth, he read the newspapers, and held a pretty long discourse with Dr. Mead, and had all his senses perfect; but at six o'clock

on that evening he became insensible, and remained so during the whole of Sunday; and died on Monday, the twentieth, between one and two o'clock in the morning.

On the accession of George the Second, Dr. Mead was made one of the royal physicians, and was for many years engaged in the constant hurry of an extensive and successful practice. By his singular humanity and goodness of heart he conquered even envy itself; and it was acknowledged by all who knew him, that few princes have shown themselves equally generous and liberal in promoting science, and encouraging learned men. He threw open his gallery in the morning for the benefit of students in painting and sculpture; and was in the habit of even lending the best of his pictures to artists to copy. If any literary work was going on, he contributed all in his power to its perfection. For instance, he accommodated the learned Dr. Zachary Grey with the loan of his original picture of Butler, the author of Hudibras, (by Mr. Soest,

a famous Dutch painter), for the use of the engraver. He constantly kept in his pay a number of artists and scholars, and scarcely a curious undertaking appeared during the period of his success, that did not find a patron in Mead.

Knowing that Mr. Carte (who was accused of high treason, and for whose apprehension a thousand pounds had been offered) had fled to Paris, resided there under the borrowed name of Phillips, and was employed in collecting materials for an English translation of Thuanus; my master perceived that his plan might be enlarged; and satisfying Mr. Carte for the pains he had already taken (*pretio haud exiguo*, as our librarian Mr. Hocker used to say), he employed Mr. Buckley to complete the work. In the first French edition, passages offensive to the nobility of that nation had been omitted; but these were now restored, and a splendid and complete edition printed at Mead's expense.

He was also one of the first subscribers to the Foundling Hospital; that noble in-

stitution, which will for ever endear the name of Captain Coram to this country. Guy, the wealthy citizen, was also persuaded by my master to lay out his immense fortune in building that hospital in the Borough which bears his name.

With respect to science, no discovery was made in which he did not take a lively interest. In the year 1746, the experiments tending to illustrate the nature and properties of electricity were made by Mr. afterwards Sir William Watson; and he was present on a remarkable occasion, to witness the effects of the Leyden phial, then newly invented. It was in the house of the ingenious philosopher whose name has just been mentioned, in Aldersgate Street; and here, amongst a large concourse of people, I saw the Duke of Cumberland, recently returned from Scotland, take the shock with the point of the sword with which he had fought the battle of Culloden.

Two or three years after this I witnessed the famous experiments made on the Thames and at Shooter's-hill, in the presence of the

President and several of the Fellows of the Royal Society; in one of which the electrical circuit was made to extend four miles, and the result of the experiment was, that the velocity of electricity seemed to be instantaneous.

The hospitality of Mead was unbounded; and consequently his housekeeping expenses were very great: for, not content with the reception of his own friends and acquaintances, he kept also a very handsome second table, to which persons of inferior quality were invited. The consequence of this was, that notwithstanding the considerable gains derived from his profession (for several years he made between £5000 and £6000, and during one year he received £7000), he did not die so rich as might have been expected. The total amount left at his death, including the receipts of the sale of his library, pictures, statues, &c. (which were between £15,000 and £16,000) was about £50,000: but this sum was materially diminished by the payment of his debts.

With respect to his manner of living, when not engaged at home, he generally spent his evenings at Batson's Coffee-House; and in the forenoons, apothecaries used to come to him, at Tom's, near Covent Garden, with written or verbal reports of cases, for which he prescribed without seeing the patient, and took half-guinea fees.

The last work he published, which was in 1751, was entitled Medical Precepts and Cautions; in which, with great candour and simplicity, he enumerated all the discoveries that long practice and experience had opened to him concerning diseases and their cures; and concluded with many salutary directions for preserving the body and mind perfect and entire to a good old age. This he attained himself; and preserved till within three years of his death his intellectual powers in a state of perfection. Then he became very corpulent, and his faculties were visibly impaired. But his kindness of heart never deserted him. I shall never forget a piece of insolence on

the part of one of his servants, who doubtless presumed on his master's known good nature and forgiving disposition. Dr. Watson was sitting with Mead in his library, when the latter wishing to read something, looked about for his spectacles, for his eyesight had become very bad; and not readily finding them, asked his servant for them: upon which the man gave them to him with great rudeness, saying at the time, "You are always losing your things." How I longed to have knocked the fellow down for his brutality!

Dr. Mead died on the sixteenth of February, 1754, in his eighty-first year, and was buried in the Temple Church.

After his death, it was said of him, that of all physicians who had ever flourished, he gained the most, spent the most, and enjoyed the highest fame during his lifetime, not only in his own but in foreign countries.



ASKEW.

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Askew had been in his youth a great traveller; at least he was so considered in those days, for he had been absent from England three years, and had, during that time, visited Hungary, and resided at Athens and Constantinople. To the latter place he had accompanied Sir James Porter, then ambassador to the Porte. In consequence of these peregrinations, he was regarded on his return to his native

country as no ordinary person, but one who had enjoyed most unusual advantages, and very rare opportunities of acquiring knowledge. This will perhaps hardly be credited at the present moment, when it is scarcely possible to turn the corner of a street without meeting an Englishman recently arrived, either from the borders of the Dead Sea, the cataracts of the Nile, or the ruins of Palmyra. Interviews with the Beys and Pashas of the empire of Mahomet have now-a-days succeeded to the usual presentations at the courts of the Continent; and the camel, the firman, and the Tartar, have been substituted for the ordinary facilities of the poste, the passports, and couriers of the beaten roads of civilized Europe. Nor is this spirit of enterprise confined to the gentlemen of England, but pervades alike the softer sex. One lady of rank and great talent has taken up her permanent abode at the convent of Mar Elias, on Mount Lebanon; another has accompanied her husband and family of young children, nurse-maids and

all, across the dreary desert, from Cairo to Jerusalem; while a third, of still more adventurous spirit, has climbed, by the help of a ladder of ropes, to the summit of Pompey's pillar. A few years only have elapsed since an English lady of fashion was confined at Athens, gave to her infant son the name of Atticus, and, when sufficiently recovered, resumed with her husband her journey through the enchanting scenery of Greece; the child occupying one side of a pair of panniers, while a favourite dog reposed on the other. But these prodigies were reserved for modern days.

One of the immediate results of the travels of Dr. Askew was the excellent opportunity it afforded him of gratifying the favourite pursuit for which he was early distinguished, of collecting books, manuscripts, and inscriptions. At Paris, on his way home from his eastern expedition, he laid the foundation of his library, which became afterwards so celebrated: for, in the love of books, he resembled Dr. Mead, for whom he entertained a sort of filial vene-

ration, and to whom he had, when a very young man, and while studying physic at the university of Leyden, dedicated his specimen of an edition of Æschylus. At the sale of my late master's library, he had been one of the most distinguished of the *emptores literarii*, and, even during his life-time, had purchased all his Greek manuscripts, for which he paid the sum of five hundred pounds.

Not content with possessing himself as much as possible of his books, statues, and other curiosities, he did all he could to preserve the lineaments, and perpetuate the memory of the person of his deceased friend. For this purpose he procured Roubiliac to make a bust of him, which he presented to the College of Physicians.

No one could be better acquainted with the real features of Dr. Mead than myself; and I pronounce this bust of him to be so like, that, whenever it is before me, it suggests the strongest idea of the original; and, indeed, when the marble came home, Dr. Askew was so highly pleased with its



*

execution, that though he had previously agreed with the sculptor for £50, he offered him £100 as the reward of his successful talent; when, to his astonishment, the sordid Frenchman exclaimed it was not enough, and actually sent in a bill for £108. 2s.! The demand, even to the odd

* Now in the Censor's Room of the College.

shillings, was paid, and Dr. Askew enclosed the receipt to Hogarth, to produce at the next meeting of artists.

My present master never practised any where but in London: but his father, Dr. Adam Askew, was a celebrated physician at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he enjoyed a great provincial reputation, and lived to a good old age. With reference to him, a conversation which occurred at a literary party in the metropolis excited a laugh at the time, and was to the following effect: Some one of the company having remarked that my master, Dr. Askew, looked very ill—but indeed, from his advanced age (whereas he was not then fifty) he could not be expected to last a long time—"Possibly not," replied a gentleman with a smile, "but I dined with his father about a fortnight since at Newcastle, and he appeared to be in perfect health."

From the Library of Dr. Mead, in Ormond Street, I had removed but a short distance, and could scarcely be said to be

sensible of any change in the scholastic air of my present abode.

Our house in Queen Square was crammed full of books. We could dispense with no more. Our passages were full; even our very garrets overflowed; and the wags of the day used to say, that the half of the square itself would have done so, before the book appetite of Dr. Askew would have been satiated.

We saw a great deal of company, attracted as well by the abundant luxuries with which my master's table was furnished, as by the classical conversations and learned accounts of curiosities which he had brought with him from his very interesting travels in Greece.—Among the literary people who were most frequently there, I may mention Archbishop Markham, Sir William Jones, Dr. Farmer, Demosthenes Taylor, and Dr. Parr. By these distinguished persons Dr. Askew was considered as a scholar of refined taste, sound knowledge, and indefatigable research into every thing connected with Grecian and Roman learning.

As a collector of books he was the first who brought bibliomania into fashion; and no one exhibited his various treasures better than himself. The eager delight with which he produced his rare editions, his large-paper copies, his *glistering gems* and *covetable tomes*, would have raised him high in the estimation of the Roxburghe Club. As specimens of his wealth in this line, I may enumerate—

His Platonis Opera, apud Aldum, 2 vol. fol. 1513, Edit. Prin. on spotless vellum; the ink of which was of the finest lustre, and the whole typographical arrangement a masterpiece of printing.

His Boccacio, la Teseide, Ferar. 1475, Prima Edizione, which was then considered an unique copy, and was sold after his death for £85. What it would have fetched under the sceptre of Mr. Evans cannot even be conjectured!

His Ciceronis Opera omnia, Oliveti, 9 vol. quarto, 1740; charta maxima.

These were amongst many others which I cannot now specify, but which were then

regarded as rare, magnificent, giants, imperial, atlas, elephant, princes of editions!!

As no one had enjoyed greater opportunities, possessed more sufficient means to gratify his taste, or had an acuter discrimination, the *Bibliotheca Askeviana* was well known to all, both at home and abroad, who were in the least eminent for bibliographical research. And as he had expressed a wish that his books might be unreservedly submitted to sale after his decease, the public became ultimately benefited by his pursuits, and many a collection was afterwards enriched by an *Exemplar Askevianum*. The sale (apud S. Baker et G. Leigh, in vico dicto York Street, Covent Garden, Februar. 1775) occupied twenty days.

But the library of my present master was not, as I have said before, the only attraction which our house afforded: to many of his guests, the recital of his adventures during his travels abroad was a constant source of amusement; and we saw most foreigners who came to London. Dr. Askew had been in the East, and so vague and magnificent

was the opinion formed at that time of an oriental traveller, that I verily believe he was supposed to have been able to speak all the languages of that quarter of the globe. It was from some such notion as this that they brought to him a Chinese, by name Chequa, who (however imperfect their oral communication might be) seemed so grateful for the attention and kindness he had received, that he requested before his departure from England to be permitted to make a model of the Doctor in his robes; which being readily granted, we sat to the stranger: and this is the specimen of his ingenuity, rendered with Chinese fidelity.

From what has been said of the pursuits of Dr. Askew, it may be inferred that much of his time was employed in his library, and dedicated to the conversation of literary men; but he was not entirely inattentive to professional engagements, and I took of course no small interest in watching the progress of medicine, and becoming acquainted with the rising and eminent physicians of the day. Amongst others, there



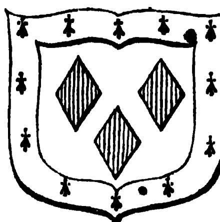
*

* This model is about 12 inches high, is of unbaked potters' clay, and is now in the possession of Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart., whose lady is the daughter of Dr. Askew.

was one who had settled in London two years before Dr. Askew, and who rapidly got into great business, which he followed with unremitting attention above thirty years, for he lived many years after the death of the former. He recommended to the College of Physicians the first design of their Medical Transactions; was the author of several papers in them, also of some in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, as well as of Commentaries on the History and Cure of Diseases. — But, though rendered eminent by his talents as a physician, he conferred a more valuable and permanent lustre on his profession by the worth and excellence of his private character. From his early youth Dr. William Heberden had entertained a deep sense of religion, a consummate love of virtue, an ardent thirst after knowledge, and an earnest desire to promote the welfare and happiness of all mankind. By these qualities, accompanied with great sweetness of manners, he acquired the love and esteem of all good men, in a degree

which perhaps very few have experienced; and after passing an active life with the uniform testimony of a good conscience, he became a distinguished example of its influence, in the cheerfulness and serenity of his latest age. In proof of these assertions I will mention an anecdote of him which, though now perhaps almost forgotten, some how or other transpired at the time, and was duly appreciated by his contemporaries. After the death of Dr. Conyers Middleton, (whom I have had occasion to speak of before, as the author of the attack on the dignity of physic, which was so warmly and triumphantly repelled by Dr. Mead), his widow called upon Dr. Heberden with a MS. treatise of her late husband, about the publication of which she was desirous of consulting him. The religion of Dr. Middleton had always been justly suspected, and it was quite certain that his philosophy had never taught him candour. Dr. Heberden having perused the MS. which was on the inefficacy of prayer, told the lady that though the work might be

deemed worthy of the learning of her departed husband, its tendency was by no means creditable to his principles, and would be injurious to his memory; but as the matter pressed, he would ascertain what a publisher might be disposed to give for the copyright. This he accordingly did; and having found that £150 might be procured, he himself paid the widow £200, and consigned the MS. to the flames.



PITCAIRN.

CHAPTER IV.

When the Radcliffe Library was opened at Oxford, which was done April 13th, 1749, with great solemnity, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred by diploma upon Dr. William Pitcairn; and the College of Physicians hastened to adopt him, in the following year, into their corporate body, and transfer his name from the list of Licentiates into that of Fellows.—He resided, during the latter part of his life, in Warwick Court, Warwick

Lane, practised physic for nearly half a century, and was for several years President of the College. But in the interval that elapsed from the death of Dr. Askew, which happened in the year 1774, till I was bequeathed to the late Dr. Baillie, I was chiefly in the possession of Dr. David Pitcairn. The acquaintance of these two last mentioned Physicians began when Pitcairn was studying at Glasgow; and as the difference of their years became less in proportion to their whole ages, it gradually changed into the warmest friendship, which continued during the rest of their lives.

Before David Pitcairn took his Doctor's degree at Cambridge, he was elected Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and about the year 1780 may be dated the commencement of his private medical practice. By the death of Dr. Warren, he was placed at the head of his profession in London. He resided many years in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was early admitted a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. I will endeavour to describe one of the most re-

markable evenings past at a meeting of the first of these learned bodies.

In the time of Dr. Mead, the Royal Society met in one of the Professors' Rooms at Gresham College; and many of the Members used to dine at Pontac's, in Abchurch Lane. The house was kept by a Frenchman, who had been cook to M. Pontac, president of the parliament of Bourdeaux; and who, from respect to the memory of his master, hung up his effigies as the outward sign of his place of entertainment. Since the apartments in Somerset House were allotted to the meetings of that scientific body, *the Club*, which consists of the more select of the Society, have for many years dined at the neighbouring tavern, the Crown and Anchor; where, at half past five o'clock on each Thursday previous to the sitting of the Society, you are sure of meeting with very indifferent cheer, but excellent company. On the 7th April, 1791, I accompanied Dr. Pitcairn to the tavern, and met there Prince Poniatowsky, who had been invited as a

guest. Sir Joseph Banks was in the chair. His Highness appeared about fifty, had a good face, was of middling stature, was dressed in black, had the order of Malta in his button-hole, and wore his hair in a round curl.—When the dinner was over, after the usual toast, "the King," Sir Joseph proposed the health of the King of Poland, which was drunk by the company. Soon after, the Prince took an opportunity of the President's getting up for a moment or two from table, to propose Sir Joseph's health.—From the tavern we adjourned to the apartments of the Royal Society in Somerset House, where the distinguished stranger, who had been balloted for on the preceding Thursday, was admitted a Fellow, as a sovereign prince, by the title of Duke de Lowitz. The President addressed him as Prince Primate of Poland; and he was styled in the minutes, "His Highness Prince Michael Poniatowsky, Prince Primate of Poland, Archbishop of Gnesna, and sovereign of the principality of Lowitz.

When the meeting broke up, my master

accompanied a very intelligent friend and Physician in his carriage home, and the discourse naturally turned to the subject of the eminent foreigner whom they had that evening seen. "You knew," said Dr. Samuel Foart Simmons, "that the Prince is the brother of the present King of Poland, and since his arrival in England I have seen a great deal of him, as he has done me the honour of inviting me frequently to his table. The motive of his visit to England at this moment is, to absent himself during the present session of the Diet, that he may avoid all interference in the question now agitated, relative to the succession. My introduction to him was through Dr. Szaster, a Polish Physician, whom the Prince had met at Paris, and who is much esteemed by him, and who was recommended to me by some of my friends. My first visit to His Highness, at his house, No. 11, Soho Square, which had been taken ready furnished for him, was in company with Dr. Grieve, who from his residence in Russia and Poland, and his consequent ac-

quaintance with the languages and customs of those parts of Europe, has rendered himself very agreeable and highly useful. As a Polish dinner given in London was quite a novelty to myself, and perhaps may be so to you, I will describe it minutely. I was invited for four o'clock, and our party consisted of six: before we sat down to table a glass of Dantzick liqueur was handed round on a waiter, with which, as a foreign custom, we readily complied.

"On taking our seats, the Prince placed himself at the head, and I took a chair on his right hand, while His Highness's Physician sat at the bottom and carved. Two dishes of oysters were first placed on the table, and a servant then handed round a plate of lemons, cut into halves. I was going to drink a glass of wine with Dr. Grieve, for decanters of wine stood on the table near us; but the Prince pleasantly observed, that he hoped as Physicians we would excuse him if he reminded us of an old Polish opinion, that beer and not wine should be drunk immediately after oysters.

When the oysters were taken away, a tureen of soup, called by the Poles *bosch*, made of milk and beet-root, and having an acid smell, was placed at top, bouilli at bottom, and a dish of boiled tongue, sliced and mixed with vegetables, in the middle. The Physician cut slices of the bouilli into the dish, which a servant carried round to the company: the same ceremony was also observed with respect to the other dish. Then slices of buttered French roll, covered with a chocolate-coloured powder, which I understood to be grated hare, were handed about.—After the second course, which consisted of fritters, roast turkey, and some made dish in the middle, the dessert was put upon the table, and the servants withdrew. The Prince was in excellent humour, extremely communicative, and the conversation became interesting.

"He had dined a few days before with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had told him an anecdote which had pleased him so much, that he had communicated it in a letter he had just written, and which

was going by the next post to Poland. Before he sealed his letter, His Highness read that part of it to us. It related to a dramatic writer whose play had been a good deal applauded, and who was informed that on a particular night a great philosopher and mathematician was to be present at its performance. 'This,' said the author, 'is the man for me: I shall long to hear what he says of my play. The opinion of such a judge will be really worth having.' The mathematician took his seat in the centre of the pit; and when the performance was over, the author was anxious to have his opinion of the piece. 'I find,' said the philosopher, 'that such an actress has pronounced 3284 words, that such an actor has pronounced 2864,' &c.; and this was the only reply that the mortified dramatist could obtain.

"The Prince continued his amusing anecdotes, and related to us that one of his brothers had engaged a Frenchman as a partry-cook, in which art he greatly excelled, but who was so drunken a fellow that a sentinel was always placed at the door

to prevent his getting strong liquors before he had finished his work. At length, however, his frequent intoxication became intolerable, and it was necessary to discard him. He went to Dantzick, where he found a vessel bound to Petersburgh, in which he embarked; and, on his arrival in that city, accidentally heard of a nobleman near Moscow, who was in want of a preceptor for his son. The *pâtissier* offered his services, was accepted, and travelled in an elegant coach to his destination. Of Italian, which he was to teach, he knew not a word; but being a native of Provence, he spoke the dialect of that part of France. This he taught his pupil, and was for some time in great credit. But the nobleman having at length a visitor who spoke Italian, the impostor was detected, and he was ignominiously driven out of the family. For some months he rambled about Tartary, and lived on the hospitality of different hordes; but after an absence of more than two years, finding his way back into Poland, he threw himself at the feet of his old master,

and was taken again into his service, upon promising better behaviour in future.

"We now adjourned to another room, and drank our coffee, after which frankincense was burned before the Prince, who expressed a wish that we should not be in a hurry to depart. In the course of the evening it appeared that he did not think very favourably of the English writing travellers; particularly "ces gouverneurs," as he called them, who eagerly catch up every thing they hear in conversation, for the sake of printing it. The English minister at Warsaw had observed to him, that he found himself oftentimes situated awkwardly enough with his raw young countrymen; but that this was nothing when compared with the trouble he had when they came accompanied with a travelling pedant as their tutor.

"Speaking of his brother, his Highness told us that he could speak English before his arrival in this country, which was in 1754; and added that George the Second, upon being informed that the king of Po-

land had remained a certain number of months at Paris, previous to his coming to England, asked why his Majesty had stayed there so long. 'To learn English,' was the reply.

"The conversation having turned on Russia, the Prince spoke of a certain courtier there, who, when Biron was disgraced, said, 'Ay, that fellow was the cause of my losing two of my teeth.' 'How so?' said somebody. 'Why, because a dentist came here whom he patronised; and in order to pay my court to Biron, I sent for that man to draw two of my teeth.' We next talked of Potemkin, who is said to have seduced five or six of his nieces, one after the other, and then to have married them off, except the youngest, who is now his mistress. He has the reputation of having always kept up his influence with the empress, notwithstanding her favours have been bestowed on so many others since his time, and of having always contrived to get his successors discarded whenever he found them acquiring too much power. Before

we left, the Prince desired his secretary to bring out his orders; viz. his Order of the White Eagle, and that of Malta, both in brilliants, the latter of which was most admirably set."

Here the Doctor left off speaking, and we reached home.

Prince Poniatowsky remained in England till June 13th, when he set out on his return to Warsaw. On his way through Holland he received intelligence of the revolution in Poland. The journey he had undertaken had originated in the circumstances which had paved the way for this event. At the opening of the Diet, he had pronounced a discourse which had directed the eyes of his countrymen to their real political situation, and this had gained him many enemies. He was now going back to share in the short-lived general joy. For this sudden and ill-concerted attempt to withdraw the kingdom of Poland from under the influence of Russia ultimately involved the exhausted republic in an unprosperous war, and was shortly afterwards

followed by the loss of the fine and fertile provinces of the Lesser Poland and Lithuania *.

* The fate of Poland is well known. The destiny of the family bearing the name of Poniatowsky has been equally disastrous. At the battle of Leipsic, wounded, and while covering the retreat of the French army, in attempting to leap the narrow stream which flows past that city, Prince Joseph Poniatowsky fell, and was drowned. A simple monument is erected to him in a garden, on the bank of the river where he perished, with this inscription upon it:

Hic
In Undis Elystri
JOSEPHUS PONIATOWSKY
Princeps
Summus Exercitûs Polonorum Præfectus,
Imperii Gallici Mareschallus, Tribus Vulneribus
Letiferis acceptis, Ultimus ex Acie discedens
Dum receptum magni Gallorum Exercitus tuetur,
Vitâ Gloriæ et Patriæ sacratâ functus est
Die 19 Octobris, An. 1813,
Anno Ætatis Impleto 52.

Popularis Populari Duci Miles,
Hoc Monumentum, Lachrymis suis irrigatum,
Posuit
ALEXANDER ROZNIECKI.

The success of Dr. Pitcairn in practice was great, and though one or two other Physicians might possibly derive more pecuniary emolument than himself, certainly no one was so frequently requested by his brethren to afford his aid in cases of difficulty. He was perfectly candid in his opinions, and very frank in acknowledging the extent of his confidence in the efficacy of medicine. To a young friend, who had very recently graduated, and who had accompanied him from London to visit a lady, ill of a consumption, in the country, and who, on their return, was expressing his surprise at the apparent inertness of the prescription, which had been left behind, (which was nothing more than infusion of roses, with a little additional mineral acid), he made this reply, "The last thing a physician learns, in the course of his experience, is to know when to do nothing, but quietly to wait, and allow nature and time to have fair play, in checking the progress of disease, and gradually restoring the strength and health of the patient." His

manner was simple, gentle, and dignified; from his kindness of heart, he was frequently led to give more attention to his patients than could well be demanded from a physician; and as this evidently sprung from no interested motive, he often acquired considerable influence with those whom he had attended during sickness. No medical man, indeed, of his eminence in London perhaps ever exercised his profession to such a degree gratuitously. Besides, few persons ever gained so extensive an acquaintance with the various orders of society. He associated much with gentlemen of the law, had a taste for the fine arts, and his employment as a physician in the largest hospital in the kingdom, made known to him a very great number of persons of every rank and description in life. His person was tall and erect; his countenance during youth was a model of manly beauty, and even in advanced life he was accounted remarkably handsome. But the prosperous views that all these combined

advantages might reasonably open to him were not of long endurance.

Ill health obliged him to give up his profession and quit his native country. He embarked for Lisbon in the summer of 1798, where a stay of eighteen months in the mild climate of Portugal, during which period there was no recurrence of the spitting of blood with which he had been affected, emboldened him to return to England, and for a few years more resume the practice of his profession. But his health continued delicate and precarious, and in the spring of the year 1809 he fell a victim to a disease that had hitherto escaped the observation of medical men. Pitcairn, though he had acquired great practical knowledge, and had made many original observations upon the history and treatment of diseases, never published any thing himself; but the peculiar and melancholy privilege was reserved for him, to enlighten his profession in the very act of dying.

On the thirteenth of April, he com-

plained of a soreness in his throat; which, however, he thought so lightly of, that he continued his professional visits during that and the two following days. In the night of the 15th his throat became worse, in consequence of which he was copiously bled, at his own desire, and had a large blister applied over his throat. On the evening of the 16th Dr. Baillie called upon him accidentally, not having been apprized of his illness; and, indeed, even then, observed no symptom that indicated danger. But the disease advanced in the course of that night, and a number of leeches were applied to the throat early in the morning. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Dr. Baillie again saw him. His countenance was now sunk, his pulse feeble and unequal, his breathing laborious, and his voice nearly gone. In this lamentable state, he wrote upon a piece of paper, that he conceived his windpipe to be the principal seat of his complaint, and that this was the croup. The tonsils were punctured, some blood obtained, and a little relief appeared

to have been derived from the operation. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon his situation seemed considerably improved; but soon afterwards a slight drowsiness came on. At eight, the patient's breathing became suddenly more difficult, and in a few minutes he was dead. This was the first case of this peculiar affection of the throat that has been distinctly recognised and described. It was an inflammation of the larynx, or upper part of the windpipe, of so insidious a nature as hitherto to have passed unnoticed.

Although approaching to the well-known complaint called croup, it differs in some respects, particularly by the presence of the following symptoms: Painful deglutition, partial swelling of the fauces, and a perpetually increasing difficulty of breathing. The mouth of the larynx, or aperture by which air is admitted into the lungs, is so much narrowed, that the vital functions are actually extinguished by the stricture. And yet the apparent inflammation in the throat is so inconsiderable, that upon a

superficial observation, it would hardly be noticed; but in its progress the voice is changed, becomes altogether suppressed, and the disease terminates in suffocation.



BAILLIE.

CHAPTER V.

THE mother of Dr. Baillie was the sister of John Hunter, the celebrated anatomist and physiologist. From the university of Glasgow, he went, in 1780, to Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated, and settled early in London, under the immediate superintendence of his other maternal uncle, Dr. William Hunter. Following the example of his distinguished relations, he became himself a teacher of anatomy in

1785; and he continued to lecture for nearly twenty years. In delivering his lectures, he expressed himself with great clearness, and conveyed his information to his pupils in the most simple and intelligible language. For this talent he was greatly indebted to the assiduous instruction of his uncle, who spared no pains in cultivating in his young pupil a habit of ready and exact explanation; and was accustomed to teach him in this manner: "Matthew, do you know any thing of to-day's lecture?" demanded Dr. Hunter of his nephew. "Yes, sir, I hope I do." "Well then, demonstrate to me." "I will go and fetch the preparation, sir." "Oh! no, Matthew, if you know the subject really, you will know it whether the preparation be absent or present." Dr. Hunter then stood with his back to the fire, and his nephew demonstrated. Thus was the young student encouraged by approbation and assistance, or immediately convicted of loose and inaccurate information.

His work on morbid anatomy, published

in 1793, was dedicated by him to his friend Dr. David Pitcairn, as a testimony of high esteem for his character, and of gratitude for many kind offices. The splendid engravings which were afterwards published as illustrations of this work, were alike creditable to his own taste and liberality, and to the state of the arts in this country.

When I passed from the hands of Pitcairn into the possession of Dr. Baillie, I ceased to be considered any longer as a necessary appendage of the profession, and consequently the opportunities I enjoyed of seeing the world, or even of knowing much about the state of physic, were very greatly abridged, and but of rare occurrence.

Once only was I introduced into a large party. It was on a Sunday evening, when I was taken to one of the scientific meetings, held at the house of Sir Joseph Banks in Soho Square. How different from the gay conversaziones in Ormond Street, in the spacious library of Dr. Mead, filled with splendid books, and ornamented with an-

tiques of the most costly description! On entering the house of Sir Joseph, I was ushered up a sort of back staircase, and introduced into two gloomy apartments, in the farther corner of the first of which sat the President of the Royal Society, wearing the red riband of the Order of the Bath, in a gouty chair. Here I was passed from one to the other, and considered rather as a curious relic, than regarded, as I was wont to be, as the support and ornament of the faculty. My only consolation arose, as I was handed about, from the observation, which it was impossible not to make, that among the philosophers present, there was a great proportion of medical men, who examined me, as may be supposed, with more than ordinary interest. Among others, I did not escape the keen and scrutinizing eye of a physician who then held the office of Secretary to the Royal Society, who early relinquished the practice of his profession for other pursuits, but whose name is identified with the history of modern chemistry,

and will live as long as science shall be cultivated.

From what has been stated of the condition to which I was now reduced, it will be inferred, that it was chiefly from the position which I occupied in the corner of the room in which Dr. Baillie received his patients at home, that I became at all acquainted with what was going on in medicine.

My present was the very reverse, in almost every particular, of my early master, Dr. Radcliffe. In person, Dr. Baillie was considerably below the middle size, with a countenance rather plain than prepossessing, a Scotch dialect, and blunt manners. Than his first address nothing could be less imposing; and yet, before he had been in company with you for five minutes, he would have convinced you that he was one of the most sensible, clear-headed physicians you had ever listened to.

From his habit of public lecturing, he had acquired two great advantages; First,

a minute and accurate knowledge of the structure of the human body, which was before his time not often possessed, even by the most eminent physicians; and, Second, the most perfect distinctness and excellent arrangement, in what may be called the art of *statement*. For this latter quality he was very remarkable; and even when he was compelled to relinquish lecturing (by which he had acquired it), in consequence of the growing extent of his practice, it continued to be of daily advantage to him. In examining a patient, for the purpose of learning the symptoms of the complaint, the questions he put were so few as to give an impression of haste and carelessness; in conversing on the case with the physician whom he met in consultation, he was very short and clear; and it was not until the relations or friends of the patient were admitted, and he proceeded to communicate to them the result of the consultation, that he appeared to full advantage. He then gave a short practical lecture, not merely on the symptoms of the patient, but on the disease

generally, in which all that was known on the subject was brought to bear on the individual case, and in doing this, his utterance was so deliberate, that it was easy to follow him. His explanations were so concise, that they always excited attention, and never tired; and the simplicity of the language in which they were conveyed, where all technical terms were studiously avoided, rendered them perfectly intelligible.

It was a maxim with him, that the most successful treatment of patients depended upon the exertion of sagacity or good common sense, guided by a competent professional knowledge, and not by following strictly the rules of practice laid down in books, even by men of the greatest talents and experience. "It is very seldom," was he used to say, "that diseases are found pure and unmixed, as they are commonly described by authors; and there is almost an endless variety of constitutions. The treatment must be adapted to this mixture and variety, in order to be as successful as circumstances will permit; and this allows

of a very wide field for the exercise of good common sense on the part of the physician."

In his view of the case of a patient, he selected the leading features of the subject, and neglecting all minor details, he systematically abstained from touching upon any thing ingenious, subtle, or far-fetched. Hence, in the treatment of disease, he was not fertile in expedients, but aimed at the fulfilment of a few leading indications, by the employment of the simplest means; if these failed, he was often at a loss what to do next, and had not the talent, for which some are distinguished, of varying his prescription every day, so as to retain the confidence and keep alive the expectation of the patient. But this peculiarity of mind, which was perhaps a defect in the *practice* of his profession, was a great advantage to him in his discourse, and rendered him unrivalled as a lecturer. After writing a prescription, he read it over with great care and consideration, for fear of having committed a mistake.

During his latter years, when he had retired from all but consultation practice, and had ample time to attend to each individual case, he was very deliberate, tolerant, and willing to listen to whatever was said to him by the patient; but when in the hurry of great business, when his day's work, as he was used to say, amounted to seventeeen hours, he was sometimes rather irritable, and betrayed a want of temper in hearing the tiresome details of an unimportant story. After listening, with torture, to a prosing account from a lady, who ailed so little that she was going to the opera that evening, he had happily escaped from the room, when he was urgently requested to step up stairs again; it was to ask him whether, on her return from the opera, she might eat some oysters: "Yes, Ma'am," said Baillie, "shells and all."

But I have few adventures to relate; my state of retirement kept me in an almost total ignorance of what was passing in the great world. It may therefore be a fit op-

portunity for me to pause a little, and review, for a moment, the progress of medicine for the last hundred and fifty years.

Sydenham died the very year I became connected with the profession; him, therefore, I never saw, but with his name and merits I soon became abundantly familiar. He has been usually styled the English Hippocrates, and with reason, for there is a great resemblance between their characters. Although they were both theorists, and, on many occasions, apparently founded their practice upon their theories, yet they were still more attentive to the observation of facts, and seldom permitted their speculative views to interfere with their treatment of their patients. In opposition to the physicians of his time, Sydenham directed his first attention to the careful observation of the phenomena of disease, and chiefly employed hypothesis as the mere vehicle by which he conveyed his ideas. His merit has been justly appreciated by posterity, both in his own country and among foreigners; and his works continue to this day to



be a standard authority, and are as much esteemed after the lapse of a century and a half, as they were immediately after their publication. But his skill in physic was not his highest excellence, his whole character was amiable, his chief view being the benefit of mankind, and the chief motive of his actions the will of God. He was benevolent, candid, and communicative,

* This bust of Sydenham is in the Censor's Room.

sincere and religious; qualities which it were happy if they would copy from him, who emulate his knowledge and imitate his methods.

Sydenham died at his house in Pall Mall, on the 29th December, 1689, and was buried in the aisle near the south door of the church of St. James, in Westminster. But the epitaph that indicated the spot being nearly obliterated, the College of Physicians resolved at their general quarterly meeting, (comitia majora ordinaria) held December 22, 1809, to erect a mural monument as near as possible to the place of interment, within that church, to the memory of this illustrious man, with the following inscription:

Prope hunc Locum sepultus est
THOMAS SYDENHAM,
Medicus in omne Ævum nobilis.
Natus erat A. D. 1624,
Vixit Annos 65.
Deletis veteris Sepulchri Vestigiis,
Ne Rei Memoria interiret,
Hoc Marmor poni jussit Collegium
Regale Medicorum Londinense, A. D. 1810
Optime Merito!

Amongst the direct practical improvements for which Society is indebted to Sydenham, is the employment of the cooling treatment in small-pox.

"I see no reason," said he, "why the patient should be kept stifled in bed, but rather that he may rise and sit up a few hours every day, provided the injuries arising from the extremes of heat and cold be prevented, both with respect to the place wherein he lies, and his manner of clothing." But the prejudices and authority of his contemporaries opposed the immediate introduction of this natural method; though so convinced was its judicious and discerning author of its propriety, that he foretold, with confidence, its ultimate universal employment—*obtinebit demum me vitâ functo.*

The prediction has been completely fulfilled; for what Sydenham recommended, the popularity and more extensive practice of Radcliffe soon introduced into general use, and the treatment has been amply sanctioned by experience. For, strange as it may appear, notwithstanding the estimation in

which the works of this great ornament of physic have been always held, he made no powerful impression himself upon the general state of medicine, nor diverted in any material degree the current of public opinion from its former channel. The mathematical physicians, who succeeded him, invented new theories, more captivating than any which had hitherto appeared, and the full effect of the example of Sydenham was for some time lost in the seductive influence of visionary speculation.

What Mead effected in the improvement of medicine, by contributing so materially as he did in promoting the practice of inoculation, has been already mentioned.

The mechanical systems which, for some years afterwards, prevailed, were powerfully assailed by the metaphysical theory of Stahl, revolution succeeded to revolution, old systems yielded to new doctrines, till the inductive philosophy gradually extended itself to the study of the animal economy. From among the various authors of these rival systems, it is impossible not to select the

name of Boerhaave, superior perhaps in learning and information, and possessing more judgment than any of them. He has been compared to Galen, being endowed with the same extensive range of knowledge on all topics, directly or indirectly connected with medicine, the same dexterity in availing himself of the information of his predecessors or contemporaries, and the same felicity in moulding these separate materials into one consistent and harmonious whole.

From the time of Boerhaave to the present period, a great change has taken place in the general character of the systems of physic. Scholastic disputation has gradually been disregarded, and the age of learning has been succeeded by that of observation and experiment. No one will deny that the result of this change has been the improvement of the practice of our art; hence the rate of mortality has decreased nearly one-third, within the last forty years, referable to the more temperate habits which prevail almost uniformly through all orders

of society, to the entire disappearance or mitigated severity of many fatal diseases, and, above all, to the substitution of *Vaccination* for the small-pox.

By the last mentioned discovery the beauty of the human race has been greatly improved, and the vestiges of the small-pox have been almost driven away; for to see in our churches, our theatres, or in any other large assemblage of people, a young person bearing the marks of that disease is now of very rare occurrence. And if this be true in England, where every free-born Englishman values himself chiefly on the unquestioned liberty of doing what is foolish and wrong, without the dread of the least control, it is still more so in other countries of Europe. With us, crowds of the poor go unvaccinated, permitted not only to imbibe the small-pox themselves, but to be at large, scattering the poison on those whom they chance to meet. Whereas abroad, in most of the other parts of Europe, vaccination has been ordered by government; no one who has not undergone

either cow-pox or small-pox being allowed either to be confirmed, put to school, apprenticed, or married.

Before the introduction of inoculation, small-pox killed one out of four of those whom it attacked; *that* method changed it into a disease by which one only out of several hundreds perished. Vaccination, by the excitement of a very trifling disorder, imparted a charmed life, over which the small-pox generally seemed to have no influence; for its protecting power must be qualified. It is foolish to deny that the pretensions of this great discovery were, in the enthusiasm of the moment, somewhat overrated; but, after more than twenty years' experience, this consoling truth seems finally to be firmly established, that the number of those who take the small-pox after vaccination, and pass through a safe and harmless disease, is not greater than the number of those who used to die under inoculation, namely, one in three hundred.

But I must return from this short digres-

sion, to speak of the benefits conferred by Dr. Baillie on his profession, and particularly of his donation to the college, of which he was so distinguished an ornament.

In 1819 he presented to that body his entire collection of anatomical preparations, by far the greater number of which had been made by his own hands, and from which he had chiefly selected the splendid engravings that illustrated his work on Anatomy.

He lived only four years after this donation, when his health gradually gave way, and though a hope was entertained, that the failure of his strength might be ascribed to the fatigue of business, and that retirement would afford him relief, he sensibly and rapidly sunk, and died before he had completed his sixty-third year.

His bust is placed in the College of Physicians, and the President, on the 22d December, 1823, having announced the bequests contained in his will, consisting, amongst others, of his library, read the following observations on the medical character of his departed friend and colleague.



"The same principles which guided Dr. Baillie in his private and domestic life, governed his public and professional behaviour. He was kind, generous, and sincere. His purse and his personal services were always at the command of those who could prefer a proper claim to them; and every branch of the profession met with equal attention. Nay, such was his condescen-

* In the Censor's Room.

sion, that he often incurred great inconvenience to himself, by his punctual observance of appointments with the humblest practitioners.

" In consultation, he was candid and liberal in the highest degree; and so industriously gave credit to the previous treatment of the patient (if he could approve of it), that the physician who called him in never failed to find himself in the same possession of the good opinion of the family as he was before the circumstances of the case had made a consultation necessary.

" His manner of explaining the disease, and the remedies recommended, was peculiar to himself, and singularly happy. It was a short compressed lecture, in which the objects in view, and the means by which they were to be obtained, were developed with great clearness of conception, and in such simple unadorned language as was intelligible to his patient, and satisfactory to his colleague.

" Before his time, it was not usual for a physician to do much more than prescribe

remedies for the malady, and to encourage the patient by such arguments of consolation as might present themselves to humane and cultivated minds. But as the assumed gravity and outward signs of the profession were now considered obsolete customs, and were, by general consent, laid aside by the physicians, and as a more curious anxiety began to be observed on the part of the patient to learn every thing connected with his complaint, arising naturally from the improved state of general knowledge, a different conduct became necessary in the sick room. The innovation required by the spirit of modern times never could have been adopted by any one more fitted by nature and inclination to carry it into effect than by Dr. Baillie.

"The attention which he had paid to morbid anatomy (that alteration of structure, which parts have undergone by disease), enabled him to make a nice discrimination in symptoms, and to distinguish between disorders which resemble each other. It gave him a confidence also in propounding

his opinions, which our conjectural art does not readily admit; and the reputation, which he enjoyed universally for openness and sincerity, made his *dicta* be received with a ready and unresisting faith.

"He appeared to lay a great stress upon the information which he might derive from the external examination of his patient, and to be much influenced in the formation of his opinion of the nature of the complaint by this practice. He had originally adopted this habit from the peculiar turn of his early studies; and assuredly such a method, not indiscriminately but judiciously employed, as he employed it, is a valuable auxiliary to the other ordinary means used by a physician of obtaining the knowledge of a disease submitted to him. But it is equally true that, notwithstanding its air of mechanical precision, such examination is not to be depended upon beyond a certain point. Great disordered action may prevail in a part without having yet produced such disorganization as may be sensibly felt: and to doubt of the existence

of a disease because it is not discoverable by the touch, is not only unphilosophical, but must surely, in many instances, lead to unfounded and erroneous conclusions. One of the inevitable consequences of such a system is frequent disappointment in foretelling the issue of the malady, that most important of all points to the reputation of a physician; and though such a mode of investigation might prove eminently successful in the skilful hands of Dr. Baillie, it must be allowed to be an example of dangerous tendency to those who have not had his means of acquiring knowledge, nor enjoyed the advantages of his great experience, nor have learned, by the previous steps of education and good discipline, to reason and judge correctly. The quickness with which a physician of keen perception and great practice makes up his mind on the nature of a disease, and the plan of treatment to be employed, differs as widely as possible from the inconsiderate haste which marks the decisions of the rash and the uninformed.

"Dr. Baillie acquired business early by the credit of his book on Morbid Anatomy. From the date of its first publication in 1793, its materials must have been furnished principally by a careful inspection of the diseased preparations collected in the museum of his uncle, Dr. Hunter. But it opened a new and most productive field of curious knowledge and interesting research in physic; and when he came to add, in the subsequent editions which were required, an account of the symptoms which accompany the progressive alteration made in the natural structure of parts by some diseases during the life of the patient, from his own observation and experience, he rendered his work highly valuable, and universally popular. Impressed as he was with the great importance and value of such morbid preparations in assisting the physician to discriminate obscure internal diseases, his generosity prompted him, after the example of the immortal Harvey, to give, in his lifetime, his own collection to the College of Physicians. He has thus

laid the foundation of a treasury of knowledge, for which posterity will owe him a debt of gratitude to the latest period.

"He published from time to time several medical papers in the Transactions of the College, and in other periodical works; all written in a plain and simple style, and useful as containing the observations of a physician of such extensive experience.

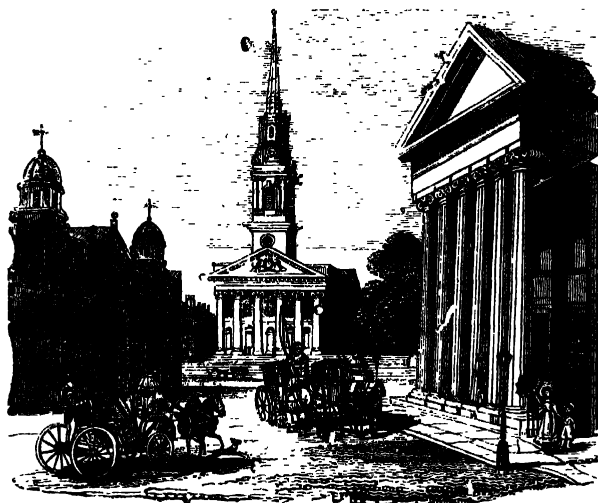
"But justice cannot be done to Dr. Baillie's medical character, unless that important feature in it which appeared in every part of his conduct and demeanour, his religious principle, be distinctly stated and recognised. His ample converse with one of the most wonderful works of the Creator—the formation of man, inspired in him an admiration of the Supreme Being which nothing could exceed. He had, indeed, "looked through Nature up to Nature's God;" and the promises of the gospel, on the conditions explained by our Redeemer, were his humble but confident hope in life, and his consolation in death.

"If one precept appeared to be more practically approved by him than another, it was that which directs us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us; and this was felt and acknowledged daily by all his professional brethren in their intercourse with him.

"On the whole, we may say of him, what Tacitus does of Agricola—*Bonum virum facile crederes; magnum libenter.*"

The sentiments of the College itself towards Dr. Baillie may be collected from the following tribute to his memory, which was ordered to be inserted in their Annals on the 30th September, 1823.

"That our posterity may know the extent of its obligation to the benefactor whose death we all deplore, be it recorded, that Dr. Baillie gave the whole of his most valuable collection of anatomical preparations to the College, and six hundred pounds for the preservation of the same; and this, too, after the example of the illustrious Harvey, in his lifetime. His con-



temporaries need not an enumeration of his many virtues to account for their respectful attachment to him whilst he lived, or to justify the profound grief which they feel at his death. But to the rising generation of physicians, it may be useful to hold up for an example his remarkable

* Portico of the College of Physicians, Pall-Mall East.

simplicity of heart, his strict and clear integrity, his generosity, and that religious principle by which his conduct seemed always to be governed, as well calculated to secure to them the respect and good-will of their colleagues and the profession at large, and the high estimation and confidence of the public."

But I have done. It has already been explained how I came to occupy my present position; and having once passed under the splendid portico of the New College, I am afraid there is no chance of my ever emerging from the dark recess I occupy in its library.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

